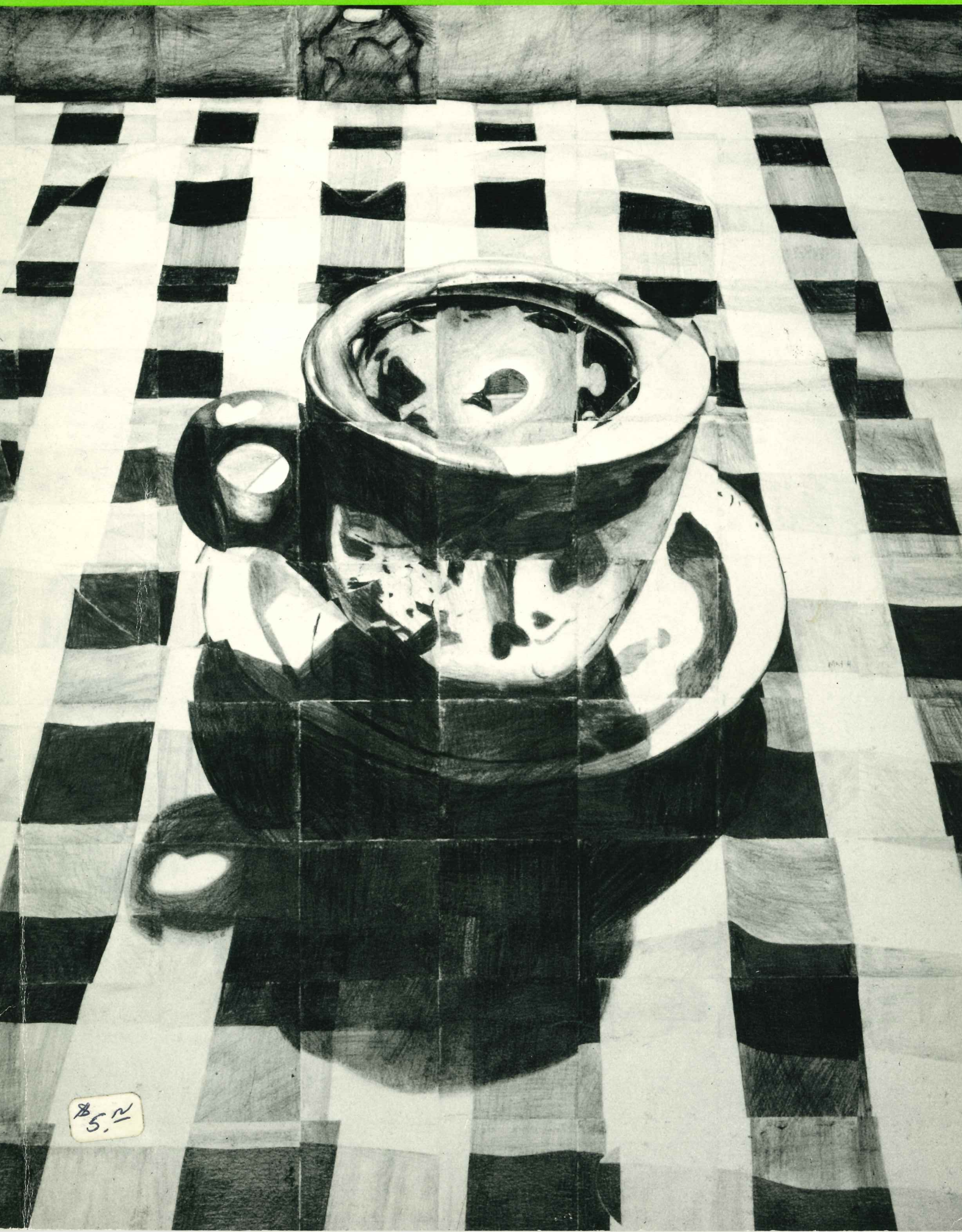
AMERICAN CERAMICS 3/2



PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1984

SELECTED WORKS BY

JILL BONOVITZ
MARK BURNS
NANCY CARMAN
ANNE CURRIER
VAL CUSHING
WILLIAM DALEY
KEN FERGUSON
JOHN GLICK
BABS HAENEN
WAYNE HIGBY
JUN KANEKO
KAREN KARNES
GEERT LAP
KIRK MANGUS
GRAHAM MARKS
JUDY MOONELIS
RUDOLF STAFFEL
LIZBETH STEWART
BYRON TEMPLE
ROBERT WINOKUR
PAULA WINOKUR
MARGUERITE AND
FRANS WILDENHAIN (c. 1936-1940)

HELEN DRUTT GALLERY
1721 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19103

215 / 735-1625

AUGUST BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

JACQUIE RICE

SEPTEMBER

HADLER · RODRIGUEZ · GALLERIES

38 EAST 57th STREET · NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022 · 212-752-7734

Dorothy Weiss Gallery

announces the opening of its new exhibition space at

256 Sutter Street,
San Francisco CA 94108
415/397-3611

July 12-August 4

Rudy Autio
Harvey Brody
Nancy Carman
Scott Chamberlin
Philip Cornelius
Roseline Delisle
Linda Einfalt
Kathy Erteman
Christine Federighi
Piero Fenci
David Gilhooly
Gail Kendall
Dorothy Hafner
Thomas Heid
Jan Holcomb
Margie Hughto
Jay Kvapil
Kirk Mangus
Kazuko Matthews
Jacqueline Rice
Juta Savage
Yoshio Taylor
Robert Turner
Jamie Walker
Patti Warashina
Stan Welsh
Neil Williams
Arnold Zimmerman

August 28-September 22

Philip Cornelius

September 25-October 27

Jamie Walker

Photo: James Brill © 1984

E L A N

DOROTHY HAFNER

NEW PORCELAIN & TEXTILE DESIGN

TRUMP TOWER NEW YORK 212 753-3526

Letters

Texas Clay
As the organizers and major sponsors of the "Texas Clay" exhibition, we were delighted with the coverage in the recent issue [2/4] of *American Ceramics*. It was a beautiful layout. We were very disappointed, however, not to be given credit for the exhibition or even acknowledgment that it originated here. After a considerable investment of time, energy, and money—including an ad in your magazine—we would appreciate hearing how the University of Texas at San Antonio ended up being given sole mention in the article.
Brian G. Row, Chairman
Department of Art
Southwest Texas State University
San Marcos, Texas

Southwest Texas State University should certainly be commended, and credited, for organizing and sponsoring "Texas Clay." In the process of editing the article, that fact was omitted by the typesetter and the error not discovered by us. Our sincere apologies.
The Editor

The Search for Meaning
Not long ago, I read *Man's Search for Meaning* by the psychiatrist Viktor Frankl, a book which not only describes daily life in German Nazi work and extermination camps for Jews, but gives the foundation for what Frankl calls "Logotherapy." Logotherapy itself is of little importance to me, but Frankl's theory is built on the concept that man needs to have meaning in his life:

Man's search for meaning is a primary force in his life and not a "secondary rationalization" of instinctual drives. This meaning is unique and specific in that it must and can be fulfilled by him alone; only then does it achieve a significance that will satisfy his own will to meaning. There are some authors who contend that meanings and values are "nothing but defense mechanisms, reaction formations and sublimations." But as for myself, I would not be willing to live merely for the sake of my "defense mechanisms," nor would I be ready to die merely for the sake of my "reaction formations." [p. 154]

The need for specific understanding of personal meaning in life is all too frequently underestimated. In my opinion, it's only through a search for and formation of meaning that artists can find something significant to express. It is because of this concern that I am writing this letter. The expression of meaning in art is as common as art itself. The story of God creating Adam, as painted by Michelangelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, is easily understood by anyone, but the faith and power that is felt can't be read. For me, that painting is less about the act of creation than about Michelangelo's faith in and commitment to his God. The story is Michelangelo's vehicle for expressing meaning in his life. By similarly accepting other art experiences, we can feel and understand Hemingway's meaning in *The Old Man and the Sea*, or Stravinsky's meaning in *The Rite of Spring*. There is a red pot by Robert Turner that I lust after, not because I can easily analyze its story, but because I am so emotionally moved by its abstract meaning.
I am disturbed by what I perceive to be an overabundance of pottery that has been created without a demonstration of moral values and passionate commitment. I believe that all great art is moral. It is the result of people believing in something and needing to share that belief for the benefit of others. The creation of great art, then, is a very giving act.
The actual belief or meaning that is being expressed can be simple or profound. As simple, for example, as the desire to give a feeling of warmth and personal intimacy through pottery, or perhaps as profound as an expression of man's place in a universal order, which I sense in much of Sung dynasty pottery. In either case, the possibility for art depends on the potter's ability to relate his meaning to our culture, and his ability to express it passionately.
I can't emphasize enough the necessity to share a purpose or meaning in life. Yet it's so hard to make this point understood to young potters, who have so much less experience on which to draw in building significant content or meaning in their work. And they seem to be in a big hurry for fame, or the stroking of their egos. It takes time, hardships, and love before people can give to others an expression of purpose.
I have heard Richard DeVore tell his students that there are probably no new abstract ideas that can be expressed in art, and that the objective for artists is rediscovery and reinterpretation in new, pertinent, and meaningful ways. I think that Frankl would agree.

Man is never driven to moral behavior; in each instance he decides to behave morally. Man does not do so in order to satisfy a moral drive and to have a good conscience; he does so for the sake of a cause to which he commits himself, or for a person whom he loves, or for the sake of his God....
I consider it a dangerous misconception of mental hygiene to assume that what man needs in the first place is equilibrium or, as it is called in biology, "homeostasis," i.e., a tensionless state. What man actually needs is not a tensionless state but rather the striving and struggling for some goal worthy of him. What he needs is not the discharge of tension at any cost, but the call of a potential meaning waiting to be fulfilled by him. [pp. 158, 166]

Frankl believes that the road to good mental health lies in a search for meaning, and that once realized, we will be moved by purpose. I believe that all of the great acts of man are the result of meaningful purpose, and that artful expression is no exception.
I am coming to believe more all the time that great art is an expression of love, that great art is something an artist gives because he cares about others. That's not to say that great artists aren't propelled by money, power, or ego, but in all great works, whether poetry, painting, dance, or theater, I sense a great weight that I can only describe as an inspiration, a fervor, a passion of love. Is there such a thing as love without meaning?
Ken Hendry
Fort Collins, Colorado

The Ceramic Art Quarterly
Volume 3, Number 2

Publisher: Harry Dennis
Editor: Michael McTwigan
Art Director: David Dunkelberger
Advertising Designer: Douglas Frueh
Design Consultant: Massimo Vignelli

American Ceramics (ISSN 0278-9507) is published quarterly by American Ceramics, 15 West 44 Street, New York, NY 10036. (212) 944-2180. Printed by Lew A. Cummings Co., Inc., Manchester, NH. Distributed in the US by Bernhard DeBoer, Nutley, NJ; distributed in Europe by Editions Olizane, Geneva, Switzerland. The opinions expressed in American Ceramics are those of the authors specifically and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor or the publisher.
Single Copies: $5
Subscriptions: Four issues: US $20. Canada add $5. Outside US & Canada add $20 (air mail). Foreign payments must be in US currency payable on a bank in New York City.
Address Change: Address changes should be reported to the magazine with both old and new addresses. Include address label when possible. Allow six weeks for change to become effective.
Manuscripts: Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The publisher and editor assume no responsibility for the loss or damage of such material.
Editorial and Business Office: American Ceramics, 15 West 44 Street, New York, NY 10036. (212) 944-2180.
Copyright © 1984 American Ceramics
All rights reserved.

(Cover) Detail: Heart Cup *(1979), 41 1/2 x 29 1/2" (105.4 x 75cm), pencil on paper, collection: Mr. Joseph L. Parker, Jr., Tulsa, OK.*

Diana Rico — ***Laura Andreson***
Page 12.

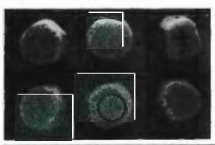
PROFILE

Michael McTwigan — ***A Passionate Vision:***
The Daniel Jacobs Collection, page 20.

Paul Schimmel — ***Conversation Pieces:***
The Cups of Irvin Tepper, page 30.

CHRONICLE

Jon Catleugh — ***William De Morgan***
Page 40.

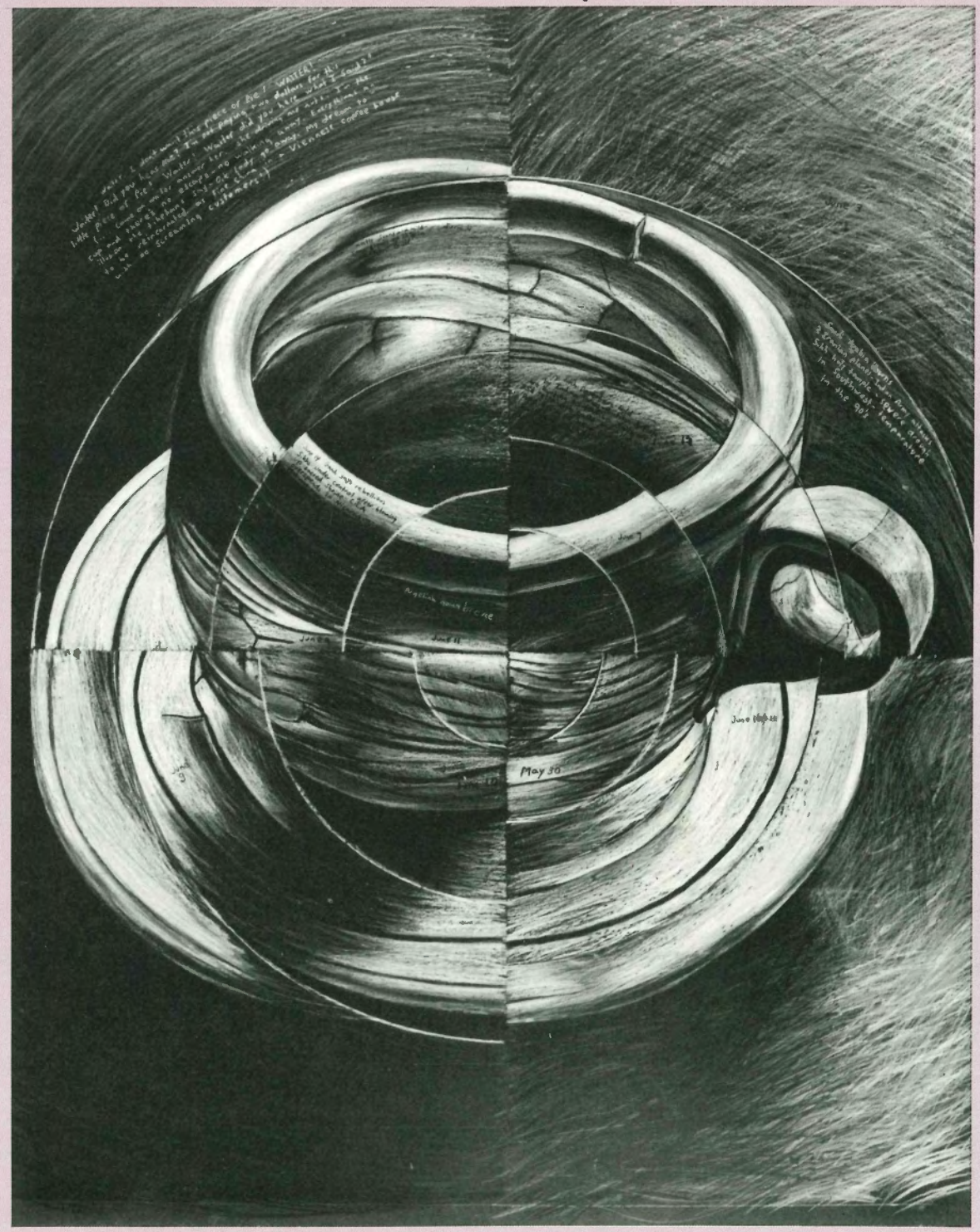


Susan Wechsler — ***Ted Randall***
Page 48.

EXHIBITIONS

Mark Levy — ***Bill Abright***
Page 58.
Wendy Dubin — ***Scott Chamberlin***
Page 60.
Ellen Priest — ***Jane Gustin***
Page 62.
Joanne Burstein — ***Juta Savage***
Page 64.
Susan Zwinger — ***Melissa Zink***
Page 66.

It's their problems, not mine
42″ x 32″ pastel on museum board 1984



Irvin Tepper
Cups, Drawings, Stories

Represented in California by:
Gallery Paule Anglim
14 Geary Street
San Francisco, California 94108
415/433-2710

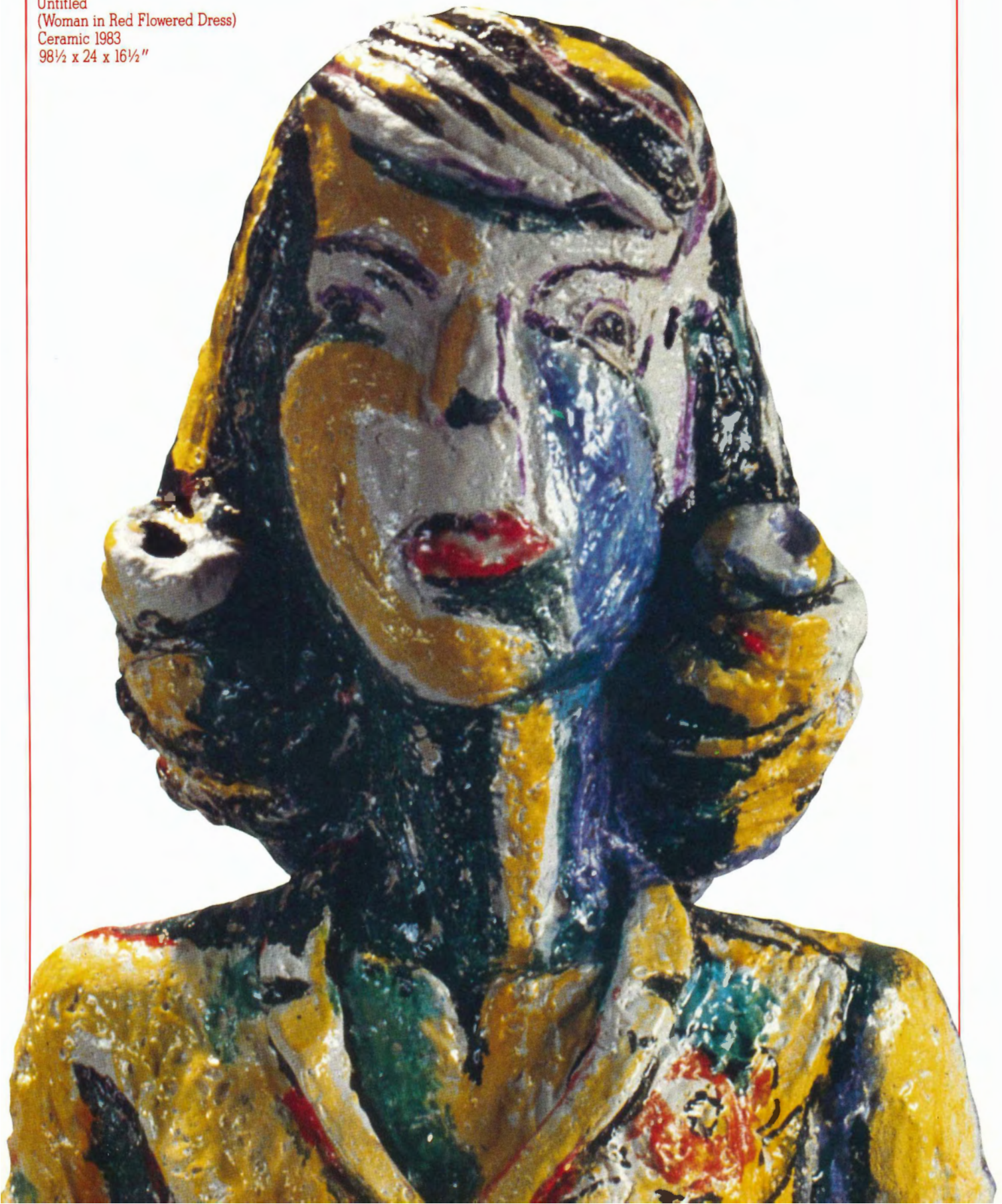
September 5–September 29, 1984
Vanderwoude Tananbaum Gallery
24 East 81 Street
New York, New York 10028
212/879-8200

VIOLA FREY

Whitney Museum of American Art
July 25—September 30, 1984

Represented by Quay Gallery
254 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California 94108
(415) 982-3292

Untitled
(Woman in Red Flowered Dress)
Ceramic 1983
98½ x 24 x 16½"



19,20,21 OCTOBER, 1984
DRAKE UNIVERSITY

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

A CERAMIC SYMPOSIUM

WITH THE FOLLOWING GUEST ARTISTS

IN A SERIES OF STUDIO DEMONSTRATIONS

AND SLIDE LECTURES:

WARREN MACKENZIE, KIRK MANGUS,

PETER VANDENBERGE, JUDY ONOFRIO,

JIM JANSMA AND SHIRLEY KOEHLER.

INCLUDING: THE UNLOADING OF AN

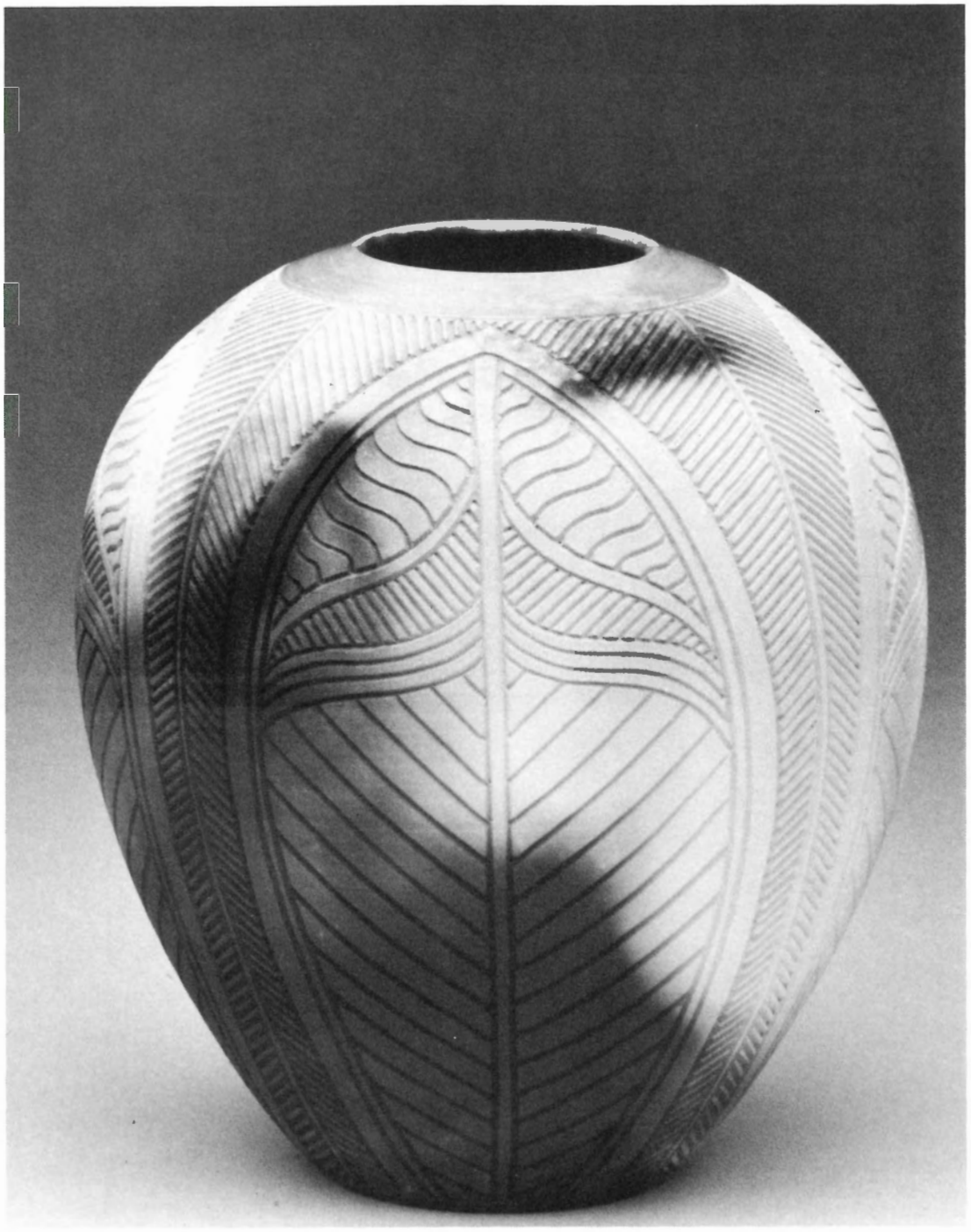
ANAGAMA KILN

REGISTRATION FEES: REGULAR $30 STUDENT $20

FOR MORE INFORMATION
THE ART DEPARTMENT,
DRAKE UNIVERSITY,
DES MOINES, IOWA 50311,
(515) 271-2863

RIMAS T VISGIRDA, PROGRAM COORDINATOR FUNDING: ARTREACH & DES MOINES ART CENTER

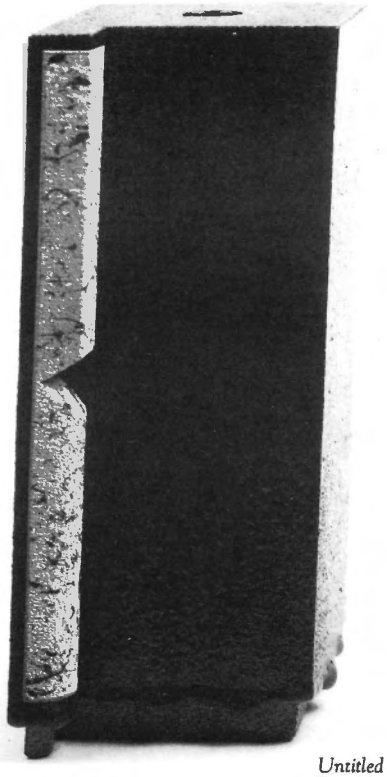
INCORPORATED GALLERY



Nancee Meeker, 12" high x 10" diameter

A Fine Selection of Contemporary American Art

1200 Madison Avenue (87 St.)
New York City 10128
212/831-4466



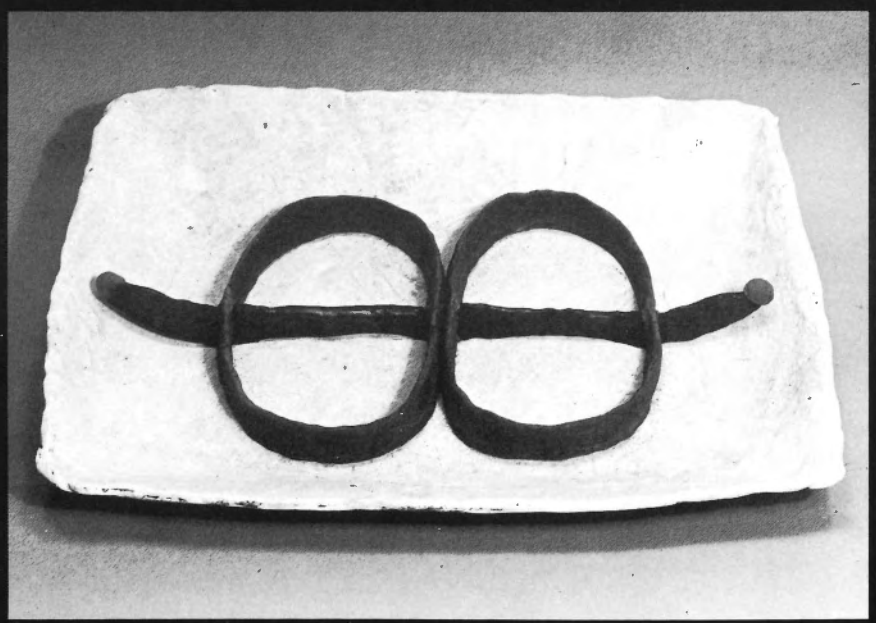
Untitled (1983)
Ron Nagle
7¾ inches high
Photo: eeva-inkeri

In Boston

Christina Bertoni
Mary Jo Bole
Jan Holcomb
Michael Lucero
Ron Nagle
Irvin Tepper
Peter Vandenberge
William Wyman

Maria Friedrich

By appointment only 617 864 6339



Zygote 1984, Terra Cotta, 18″ x 12½″ x 2½″

CHRISTINA BERTONI

New Work

September 6-29, 1984

VICTORIA MUNROE GALLERY

56 West 57 Street New York 10019
212 246-9616

DENNIS GALLAGHER

"Untitled—(7/83/V)" 1983, ceramic, 82" × 18-1/2" × 16"

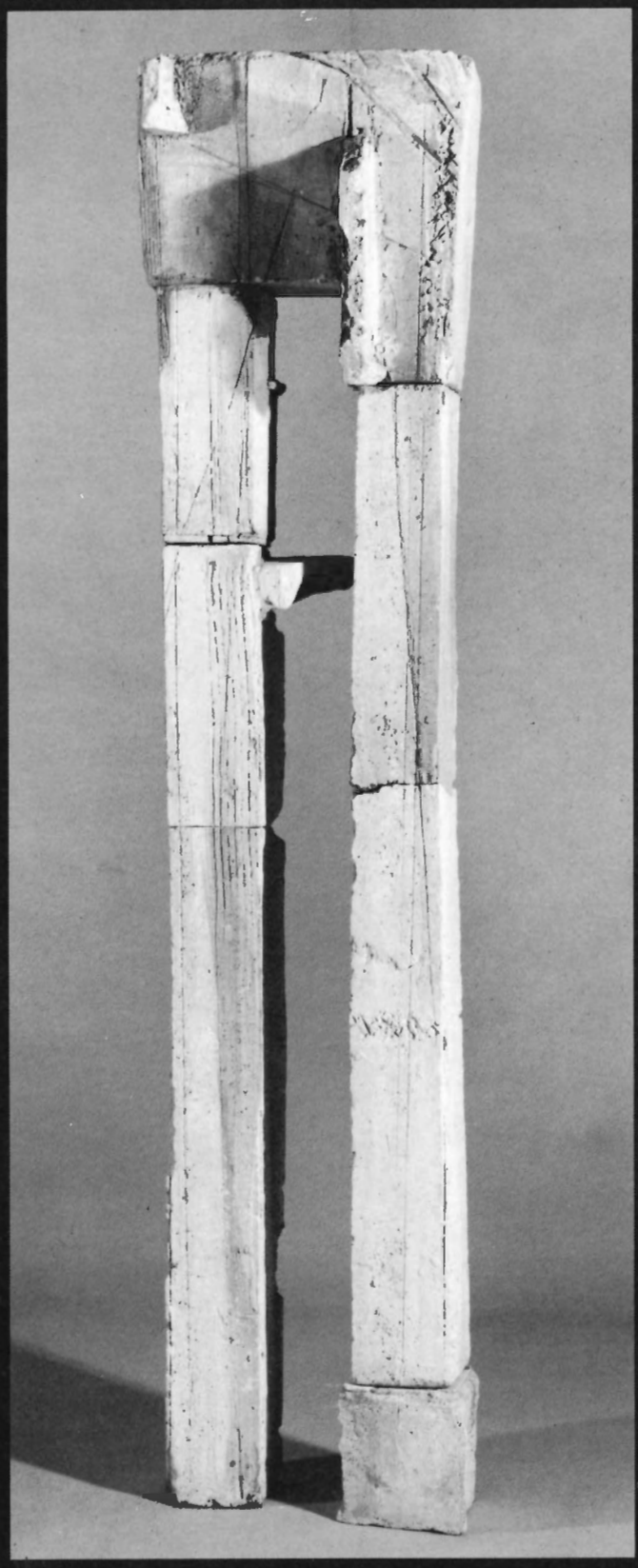


Photo: Roger Gass

JOHN MASON

"Untitled" 1963, ceramic, 66" × 50-1/2" × 16-1/2"

Photo: Tom Winetz

RON NAGLE

"Smallest Piece" 1984, ceramic, 2-3/8" × 2-1/4" × 1-5/8"

Photo: M. Lee Fatherree

Quay 254 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94108 (415) 982-3292

Laura Andreson at the wheel in 1956. Photo: Imogen Cunningham.

Laura Andreson: An Interview

by Diana Rico

Born in San Bernadino, California, in 1902, Laura Andreson earned her B.A. from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1932. She joined the university's faculty the following year, initially teaching a wide range of art courses. During the summers, she attended Columbia University, where she received her master's degree in painting in 1936. That same year, at UCLA, she began teaching ceramics exclusively.

Her early work was limited to slip-cast, coiled, and slab-constructed earthenware vessels. Usually these were glazed with bright, glossy colors typical of low-fire ware in the thirties or, more interestingly, incorporated glazed areas with tooled bare surfaces.

In the late thirties and early forties, when stoneware bodies and high-fire glazes were not readily available, Andreson developed low-fire matte glazes that, when applied over iron-bearing engobes, produced the look and feel of stoneware surfaces. This set the stage for later experiments and work in stoneware and porcelain. Adding wheel-throwing to her repertoire, she spent the next two decades exploring high-fire forms and decoration. By the time she retired from UCLA in 1970, she was working almost exclusively with porcelain.

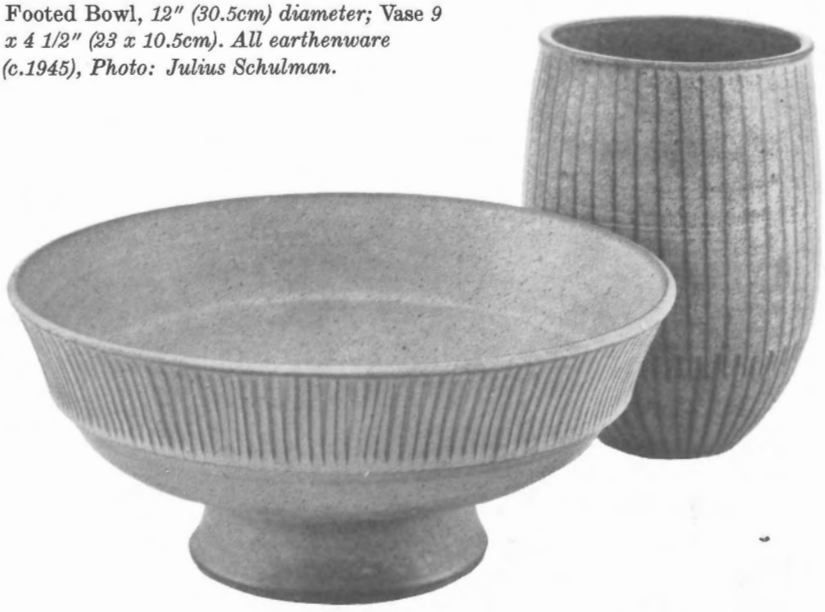
As the architect of a major ceramics program, Andreson has been instrumental in transforming ceramics from a "craft" taught to aspiring school teachers into a respected artform. Over the years she amassed an enormous study collection of pottery from around the world, which was the subject of an exhibit at UCLA's Frederick S. Wight Art Gallery in the spring of 1982. Since retiring, she has continued to refine her art, conducting extensive research on ash, copper red, luster, celadon, and other glaze formulas. Her uncomplicated pots reflect a symbiosis of function and form, a love of color, and an affinity for the spare simplicity of Japanese and Scandinavian ceramics.[1]

I started teaching at UCLA in 1933. There were only two schools teaching ceramics in California at that time—USC, with Glen Lukens, and UCLA, with Olive Newcomb. UCLA was a teacher's college then, training people for junior high schools and so forth; it wasn't a professional school. We did the coil method, the slab method, and the cast method. But we didn't do any throwing at all; we didn't even have a potter's wheel.

I taught everything then, because we were trained in everything, which I think was a very fine background. We had all taken life drawing, painting, and we were exposed to the total field of art.

At first, there were only thirteen women running the art department, which is quite a change from what it is now. They were trained at Columbia University, and they had a very definite feeling for art—not only for its content, but for its qualities of form and color and dark and light, which create visual appeal and something lasting. All their training was in relation to the history of art, so every graduate at that time was given a marvelous sense of the finest values in all art. I think this is better than concentrating in one field so exclusively that you don't know what's going on in any other. The Japanese believe that there is no distinction between fine arts and minor arts. A teacup is just as beautiful as a big piece of sculpture. That's the way we felt about it in those days. There was no division between the so-called crafts, or decorative arts, and the so-called fine arts. That came later, I think.

I started to collect ceramics about 1928. One of the teachers, Miss Anita Delano, used to take students out to the Southwest—the Indian country—every summer. We went to the corn dances and the snake dances, which you can't get into anymore. The country was so beautiful, and the Indians were so marvelous. They



Footed Bowl, *12" (30.5cm) diameter;* Vase *9 x 4 1/2" (23 x 10.5cm). All earthenware (c.1945), Photo: Julius Schulman.*

THE HAND AND SPIRIT CRAFTS GALLERY
4222 North Marshall Way
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
Telephone (602) 946-4529

Porcelain Vase *(1984), 8 1/2 x 6 1/2" (21.3 x 16.3cm), Mesquite ash glaze, photo: Perry Struse.*

Porcelain Vase *(1984), 5 1/2 x 5 1/2" (13.8 x 13.8cm), crystal orange and beige glaze, photo: Perry Struse.*

produced such beautiful pottery and all sorts of artifacts—we were just so excited about it. Miss Delano had an old hogan and fixed it up, and we would have a tent outside, so it was really great.

About 1936, my ceramics teacher died, and since I had always been interested in ceramics, they gave me her job. After I began teaching it, I decided to learn how to throw a piece of pottery on the wheel. So I sent four students up to Mills College, where there was a guild and a very active department. They took the summer course with Carlton Ball, and then came back and taught me how to throw.

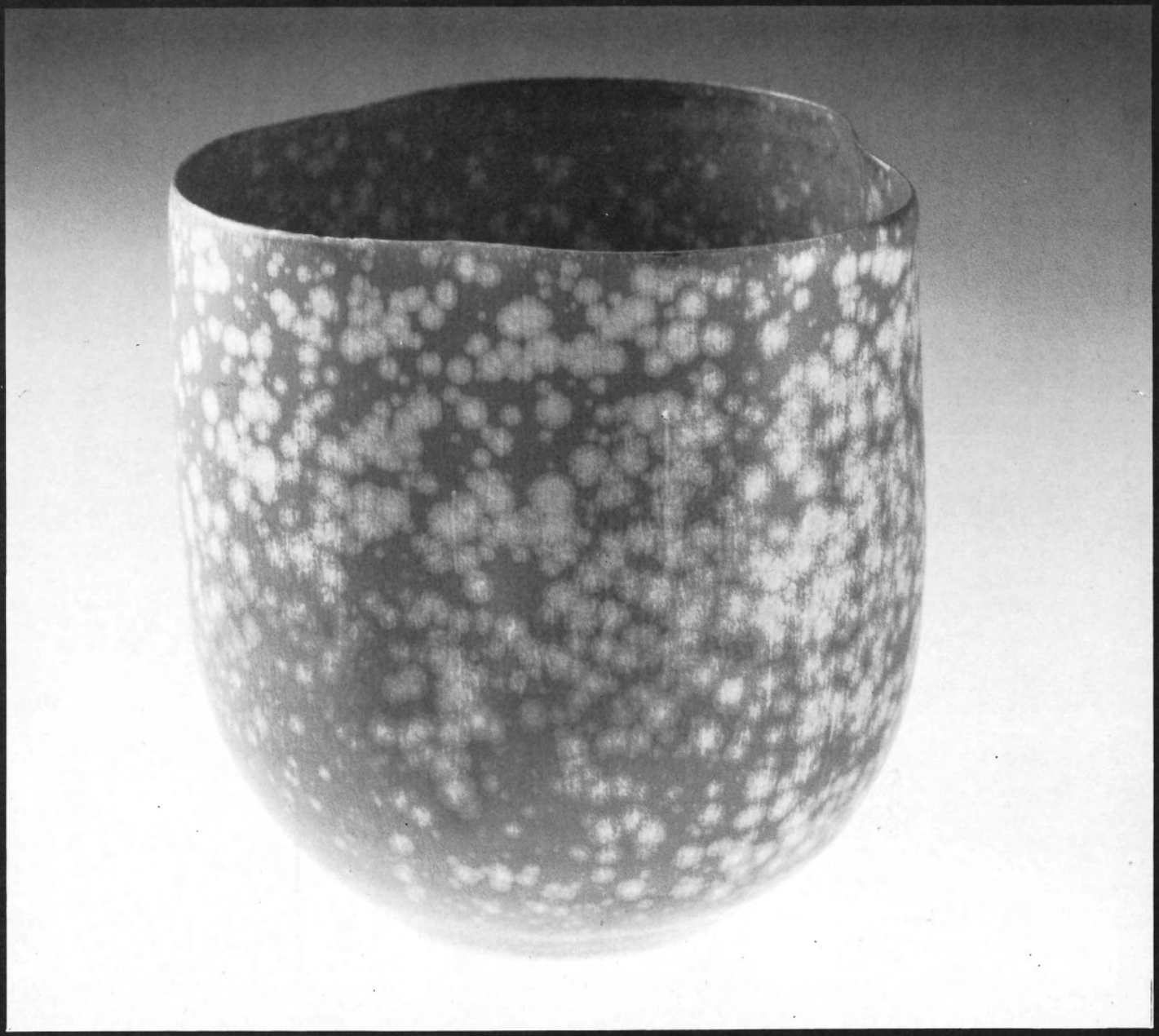
Glen Lukens and I had a certain little competition going between our departments. In those days, we didn't have many exhibits, we didn't have any books, and we didn't have any magazines; there was very little communication between East and West. We took a train then, we didn't fly back in four hours. Communication was very slow.

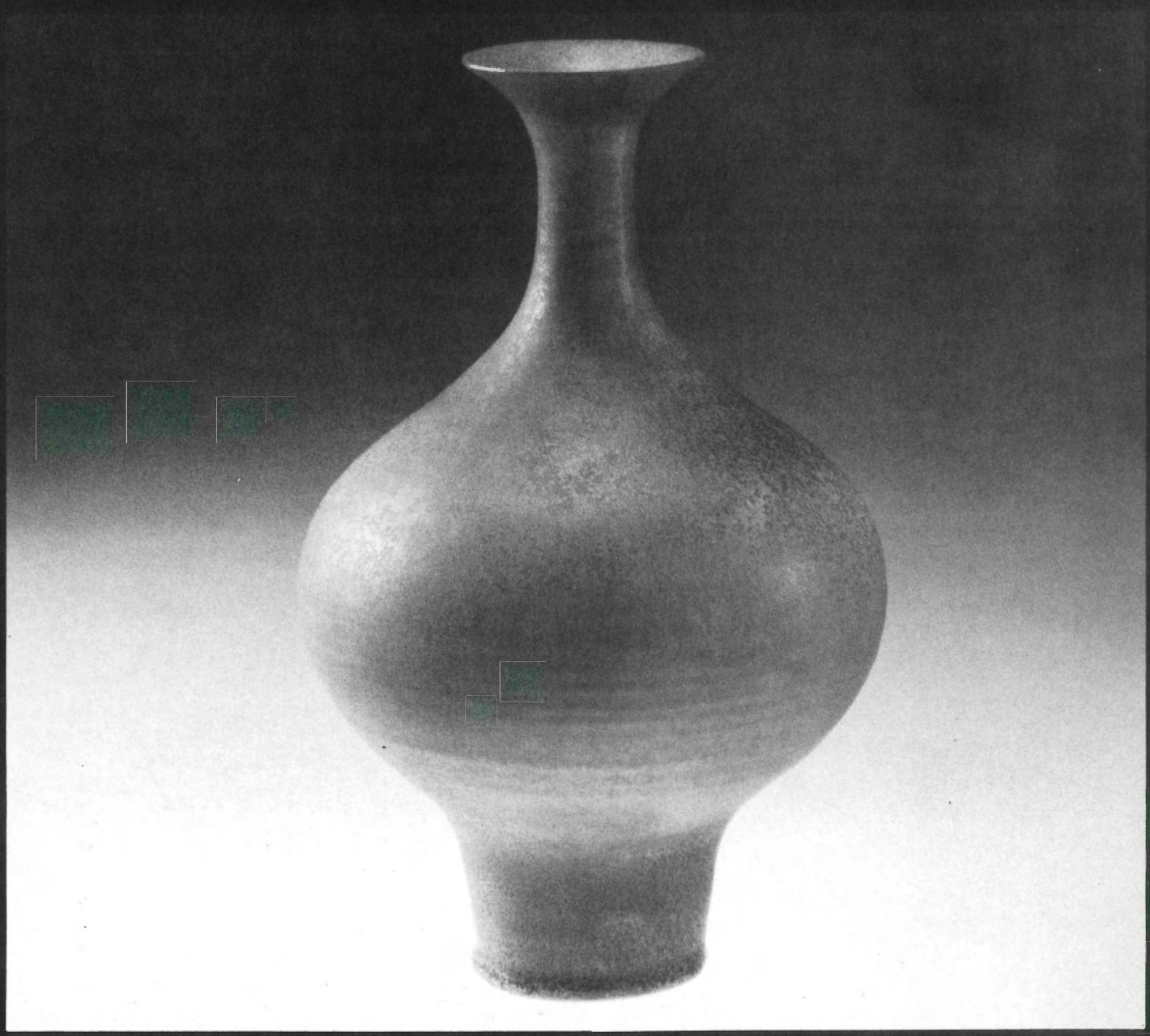
The forties came along, and the war, and we had very few male studnets...and if we did have them, they were immediately drafted into the war. Some of them came back, some of them didn't. After the war, there was a great influx of students because of the G.I. bill. And *then* the study of ceramics really started to boom. That was the beginning of the Otis Art Institute—Voulkos and the rest of them. They had a great time down there. They were mostly painters. They were interested in making...well, they were all strong men, and the bigger they made it, why, the more important they were. And they would let the kids stamp on the clay, and this was art, you know.

I used the pots I collected as illustrations for my students. You see, I taught a seminar in the history of ceramics, so I tried to gather as many pots as I could. At school, the kids would look at them, hold them in their hands, and feel them. We'd enjoy them for their beauty. They weren't so precious. I don't know that it's important to emphasize how little I paid, except to say that I bought them because I wanted to show the students what was going on, so they could handle them, so they could really understand that there's nothing new in the world. Every summer I would take a trip. I had the time, and traveling was very inexpensive. Once I went to South America, buying pots from here to Mexico City, and then to Guatemala, Panama, Columbia, Ecuador, and Peru. In 1957, I took a year's sabbatical and went around the world. I never bought a ticket, I just went from one place to another.

[Picking up a thrown, lidded Corinthean vessel] This is symbolic of my technique. It's architectural and very, very pure. It's precise; it looks trimmed; it is colder, and doesn't have the real feeling of the hand that you see in Japanese pottery. There's a basic philosophy among Japanese potters: If it isn't finished and perfect, then it's still growing and has life. I like that. I think their pottery has a certain freedom and a certain life to it that these very perfect forms somehow lack. As much as I would like to be able to do that, I've never been able to because I get mixed up with this porcelain bit.

I make the pottery I do because I have a glaze. I am interested primarily in making glazes, and in color. So, when I get a good glaze, I conceive a form that the glaze will fit, whether it's a pot for baked beans or for gardenias or lilies. The piece is always influenced by my concept of what glaze will look good on the porcelain and how I'm going to use the pot. I haven't always worked that way; I used to make things, and then I'd take half an hour to figure out what glaze I was going to use. I started concentrating on porcelain in the last ten or twelve years. I first worked with it in the fifties, but I never actually





Porcelain Vase *(1984), 8 1/2 x 7" (21.3 x 17.5cm), lemon ash glaze, photo: Perry Struse.*

concentrated on it. I did other things, too. The only pottery in my collection that has been an influence on my own work is the Scandinavian potters of the fifties. They used porcelain, and the textures of their glazes are wonderful. I am part Danish—my grandfather came from Denmark—and I have an affinity for the Danish, Finnish, and Swedish potters. I *loved* Stig Lindberg's work. I was very, very influenced by him, and tried to get the glazes and the effects he achieved. [Picking up one of her own porcelain bowls with a matte crystal glaze] I'm very proud of this one. It feels like a baby's bottom—I guess I like that tactile quality. I like people to handle my pots.

If I'm working for celadon, I want to investigate as many possibilities as I can. For an ash glaze, I went out to Claremont [California] and got lemon ash. I tried mesquite ash, apple, straw, fern, cigarette ash, cigar ash—they used to save me bottles of it. I have about fifty-eight celadons and about forty-five reds. I got interested in glazes through Albert King, who was *the* glaze master of the western United States. He came out to UCLA and did a seminar on porcelain in the fifties, and that was how I began on that. And because I haven't been able to exhaust the glazes or the forms, I've been doing it ever since. Maybe I'm in a clichéd business, where I keep repeating myself. But it takes me twenty pieces to get that one I really think has quality and life. I don't go for old boots and typewriters with red fingernails. Some of the work that's being done now is just trash. I think it'll end up in curio shops. Usually somebody wins a prize for something, and the next year everybody's doing it. I've never done that. I've always just kept plodding along my own little course.

I have so many orders, I could be working till I'm a hundred and never finish. But I'm not interested. I have enough money. My needs are not very great. I've never been in debt; I've never purchased anything I couldn't afford. My life is very simple. The most extravagant things in my life, I think, are seeing those students out at school and fertilizing my garden.

1. Bernard Kester, introduction to *Laura Andreson: A Retrospective in Clay* (La Jolla, California: Mingei International Museum of World Folk Art, 1982), pp. 9-10.

Diana Rico is a free-lance writer based in Los Angeles. A 98-page catalogue, Laura Andreson: A Retrospective in Clay, *is available for $15.95 postpaid from: Mingei International Museum of World Folk Art, Box 553, La Jolla, CA 92038.*

Stemmed Vase *(1956), 7" x 9" (17.5 x 22.5 cm), stoneware with mesquito ash and white glaze.*

Porcelain Bowl *(1970), 12" (30.5cm) diameter.*

Porcelain Bottle *(1984), 10 x 7" (25 x 17.5cm), Bluegreen matte glaze, photo: Perry Struse.*

A Passionate Vision: The Collector Daniel Jacobs

by Michael McTwigan

Daniel Jacobs. Photo: Eric Shambroom.

Detail, Sisters *(1984) by Judy Moonelis, 32 x 32 x 28" (81.3 x 81.3 x 71.1cm), photo: Doug Long.*

If art collecting is a pleasurable pastime for many, it's a passion for Daniel Jacobs. "I keep saying, 'I'm not going to do it, I'm not going to do it,'" he admits, "but I can't help myself." Jacobs devotes nearly all of his earnings—as a designer in partnership with Derek Mason—to art. "It becomes an obsession. Life could really be easier if I bought less. Yet as soon as we get a job, or when a check arrives from a client, I totally forget. That's when you see me with the biggest smile on my face, because then I can buy more art. I love living with it. When I die, what's the difference if I have money in the bank?"

A bank vault, however, might have been a fair description of the Jacobs residence not long ago, so crowded was it with sculptures, paintings, and prints. I felt tipsy during my first visit: having tiptoed over and around dozens of ceramic vessels and sculptures to reach the living room sofa, I stayed seated the entire evening, careful not to move a limb. Even Jacobs—who claims he can fully appreciate each one of the eight hundred and fifty objects, no matter how crowded together—admits that claustrophobia was setting in. To house this rapidly growing collection, he took a larger apartment and moved the design business to a loft. The collection is now divided between these spaces.

Jacobs is not only a zealous collector, but something of a zealot. In the past five years he has assembled one of the most significant collections of contemporary American ceramics to be seen on the East Coast. Although ceramic art has earned a place in numerous contemporary art collections, some of which even accord it equal space to painting and sculpture, few can match Jacobs's enthusiasm for the medium. "You might say my sympathies lie with the underdog," he says, "and ceramic art is one of the most significant—and underrated—art forms in America today."

Before he saw his first show of contemporary clay, however, Jacobs's notions about ceramics were not unlike those of the average citizen. To him, ceramics meant either everyday functional wares, or Oriental and Greek vases sequestered in glass cases at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Neither form seemed particularly compelling to a man who wishes to be in tune with his own time. "Leave the past to others," he says. "I'm living now." The past may not interest Jacobs as a collector, but to understand why he loves art, and why he is compelled to own it, we must briefly examine his own past.

Daniel Jacobs was born in the Bronx, New York, the son of Harry Jacobs, bread baker, and Rose Spaldtan, housewife. His father excelled at both baking and sports. Though unschooled in the ways of culture, Harry Jacobs sat at the kitchen table most evenings sculpting heads in plasticene, wood, and coral. Many of these small figures still stand side by side with his son's later acquisitions. He was, Jacobs recalls, a paradoxical man. "My father had the weirdest, off-the-wall imagination. When we walked in the park, we might see a rabbit and he'd say, 'Did you see that rabbit with the glasses?' And he'd weave a whole story about this rabbit with the glasses."

His father's sculptures and preposterous tales stirred the boy's imagination, as did reproductions of paintings on the walls. "In the living room, for example, was a Mozartian setting of a person at a harpsichord with a powdered wig. It must have been a print. It wasn't art, really, but there were things on the wall that could create and extend your imagination."

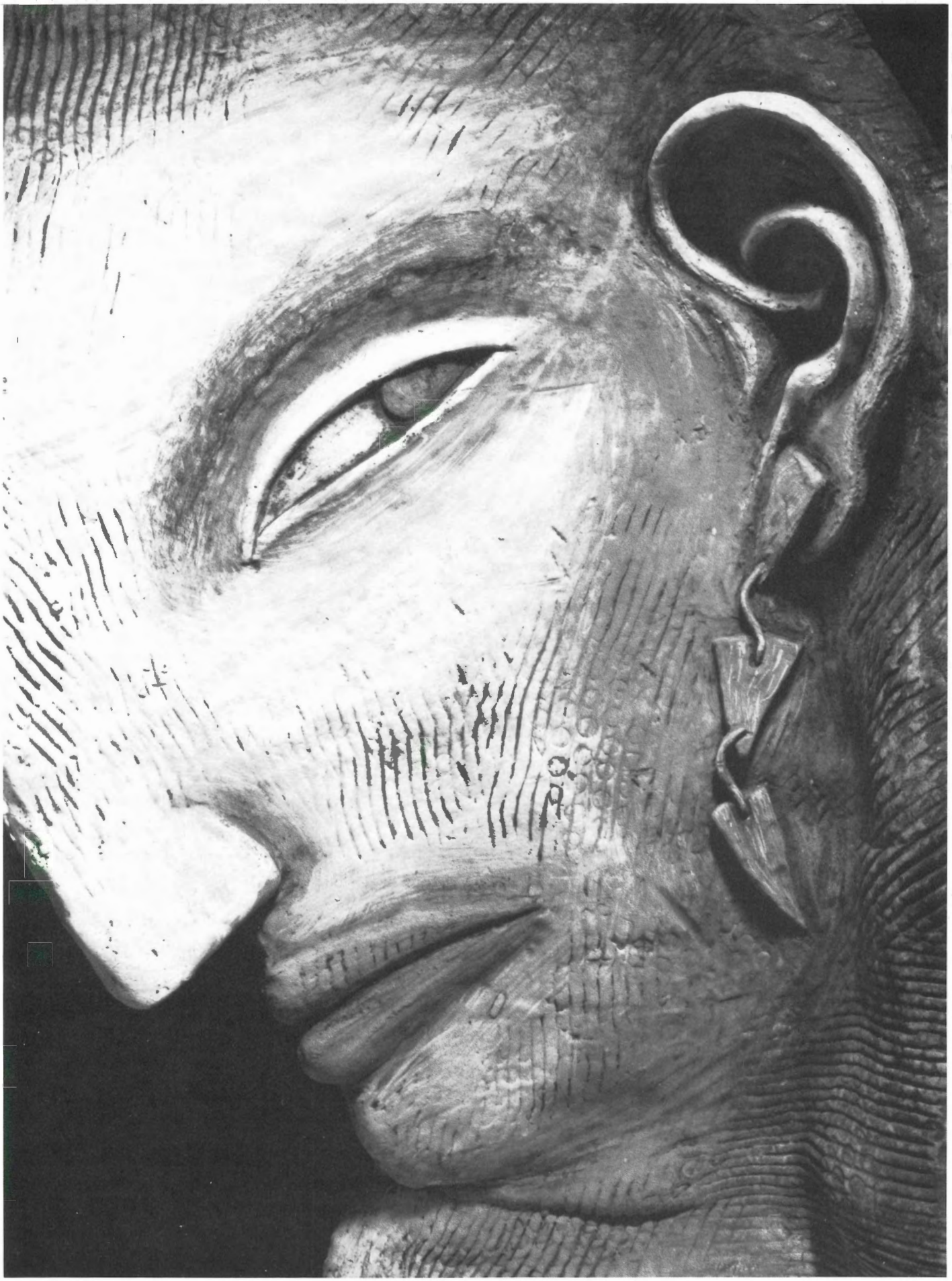
Jacobs own first "acquisition"—made when he was a teenager—was also a reproduction. "I went to a frame shop on Eighth Street and I got this poster and had it framed with my allowance. It was Picasso's *The Tragedy.* It was very me, very melancholy. I was very dramatic as a child, full of poetry. I wrote all the time." He also first experienced art the way most children do—through play. As a boy, he molded Walt Disney characters in plaster of paris and painted them; he filled albums full of photographs taken with a Brownie camera given to him by his sister.

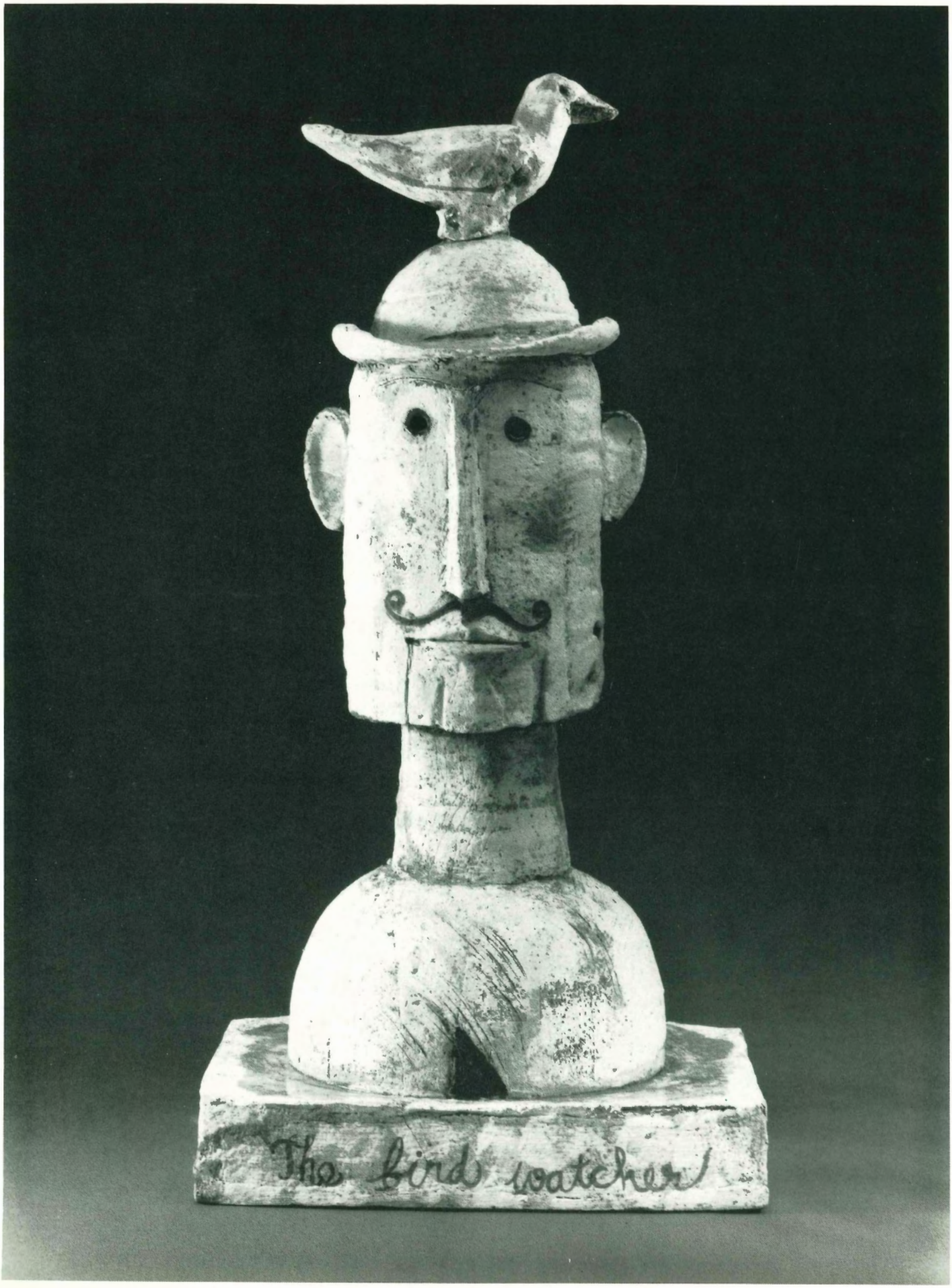
In college, his interest in photography became earnest. "It was a student who put the bug of serious photography into my head. Ninety-five percent of all my friends were art students. I still have all my friends' art." Later, he even sought to enter the field of fashion photography, before choosing a design career in partnership with Derek Mason.

And so a variety of experiences—the foremost being an imaginative, expressive father—opened the young man's eyes to art. Even today I sense that Jacobs's deep appreciation, even love, of the artist's creative gift stems from his father's example. Jacobs shared this artistic sensibility, both as an imaginative boy and as a young man whose friends were artists and who sought his own self-expression through photography and design.

But how does an ordinary, if sensitive, person become a collector? In the first place, collectors are not ordinary people. We need look no farther than Boston's Fenway Court to confirm this, where the adventurous, often scandalous Isabella Stewart Gardner erected a Venetian palace to house her dazzling collection. Perhaps Jacobs's motives are not unlike those of J. Pierpont Morgan, who amassed one of the largest personal collections the world has seen. "He did not require art possessions to give him security or to stamp him as a cultivated gentleman," Aline Saarinen wrote of Morgan. "He collected because he enjoyed shopping. He chose art because he was truly moved by beauty."[1] Yet these traits do not fully explain the passion of either collector.

Although Jacobs began by collecting




The bird watcher

prints—works by Dine, Hockney, Motherwell, and Rosenquist, for example—and continues to collect paintings and sculptures by such emerging artists as Steven Campbell, Ken Kiff, Cheryl Laemmle, and John Mendelsohn, American ceramics are his greatest passion and form the greatest portion of his collection. "It's like any new art form," he explains. "there's the adventure of discovering it on your own."

Jacobs discovered ceramics in 1979 at New York's Graham Gallery, where an exhibition of English ceramics prompted him to learn all he could about contemporary work. He pored over exhibition catalogues and books (his other great passion is searching second-hand bookstores for out-of-print catalogues and books) and even put his own hand to clay, at Greenwich House Pottery. He was soon off to England in pursuit of his new passion, returning in two months with fifty-six pieces.

Five years later, the Jacobs collection reflects the diversity to be found in contemporary American ceramics. One not only finds works by those well-known Californians who first seized on clay's sculptural possibilities after the Second World War—Peter Voulkos, Rudy Autio, Paul Soldner, Michael Frimkess, and Jerry Rothman, for example—but here, too, are the acknowledged masters of more recognizable vessel forms: Val Cushing, Richard DeVore, Ruth Duckworth, Kenneth Ferguson, Rudolph Staffel, and Robert Turner, to name a few. Yet Jacobs is not a timid collector of risk-free masters, for many of today's most promising young artists—Christina Bertoni, Mary Jo Bole, John Gill, Arthur González, Michael Lucero, Graham Marks, Steven Montgomery, and Judy Moonelis—can count him as an early supporter.

Convinced of the need to support living artists, Jacobs is impatient with well-to-do friends and acquaintances who don't follow his example. "I don't see art as a frivolous luxury," he says, "because you're helping someone. By buying their work, the creative process continues. But when I see people spending money on Gucci-Pucci, it makes me sick. They should take that money and buy *art*."

It is somewhat surprising, given his passionate support for artists, that Jacobs is not motivated by a desire to be part of the artists' lives. His collecting is neither a passkey to a bohemian existence nor a way to buy friendship. "I don't need to collect artists as friends," says Jacobs. "It's not the artist you're buying, you're buying their creations. That's what is special. Artists are just like the rest of us, no better or worse. They're a little crazier."

What, then, are Jacobs's motives for collecting? Aside from his pure pleasure in the art itself, Jacobs has curatorial inclinations. "I like to have the spectrum of an artist's work from different periods. That excites me. I love to see the different phases they've gone through—the growth or nongrowth—to see whatever they're dong now, where it came from." He recently purchased a Ron Nagle plate of 1961, for example, because it shows the artist's early interest in Abstract Expressionism and because its colors so clearly prefigure the later work for which he became famous.

This desire to understand as well as to own art is typical of sophisticated collectors, who are often extremely knowledgeable about their chosen field. (And most collectors do have a special interest, whether it be in an artist, a movement, a region, or a time period.) Miniatures, for example—those tiny "snapshots" painted during the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries—were among J. P. Morgan's passions. When the shrewd dealer Joseph Duveen approached Morgan with a collection of thirty miniatures, of which six were rare and the others commmonplace,

Morgan looked briefly, then asked brusquely, 'How much for the lot?' Joseph Duveen, casting a victorious glance at his uncle, answered. Morgan's huge hand unhesitatingly plucked out the six best miniatures from their velvet bed. As he stuffed them into his pockets, he swiftly divided by thirty, multiplied by six, announced what the half-dozen cost and departed.[2]

Like Morgan, Jacobs is astute enough to know what he's collecting. But the experience of buying is rarely so calculated for any collector, least of all Jacobs. Most collectors are moved by emotional rather than finanacial considerations. "I know exactly how I buy," says Jacobs, "right here in my gut. It has to hit me, I have to *feel* it. I'm like a kid; I get swept away. That's what art is all about." Indeed it is. "Seek, not Names, but works of art," advised collector John G. Johnson in 1892.[3] Jacobs has done just that. "You know how I entered this?" he confided, "with the idea that none of it's going to be worth anything. That's how I've always bought. That it's not worth anything, except to myself and to Derek, because we enjoy it."

Jacobs's enjoyment is not confined to gloating over the treasures in his home, the way a hunter might fill his den with trophies bagged on safari. For if Jacobs feels a responsibility to the artist and to the medium of ceramic art itself, he also feels a public responsibility. "What drives Derek and me crazy are people who collect and hoard it away. They collect like they're buying from the stock market. If you are going to buy art, you should allow it to be seen. We feel part of our responsibility is to share it—if it means five people seeing it or five hundred.

"I got so excited when Judy Moonelis was artist-in-residence at the Heckscher Museum and she told me about the

The Bird Watcher *(1981) by Peter Vandenberge, 35 x 17 1/2 x 15 1/2" (88.9 x 44.5 x 39.4cm), photo: Malcolm Varon.*

Untitled *(1982) by Ewen Henderson, 18 x 9 1/2 x 8" (45.7 x 24.1 x 20.3cm), photo: Bror Karlsson.*

Untitled *(c.1975) by Hans Coper, 9 1/2 x 1 1/2 x 1 1/2" (24.1 x 3.8 x 3.8cm), photo: Eric Shambroom.*

Untitled panel from Setters by Terry Rosenberg (1981–82), 104 1/2 x 125 1/2 x 5/8" (265.4 x 318.8 x 1.6cm), photo: Malcolm Varon.

enthusiasm of the elderly and the children [for an exhibition of his collection]. How wonderful! Isn't that what it's about? It's worth it all that something you own could affect someone. One person could see a DeVore, for example, and it could change his life. He might decide to paint, or it just may make him a better person. I feel art can do that."

I asked Jacobs if the collection has changed *his* life.

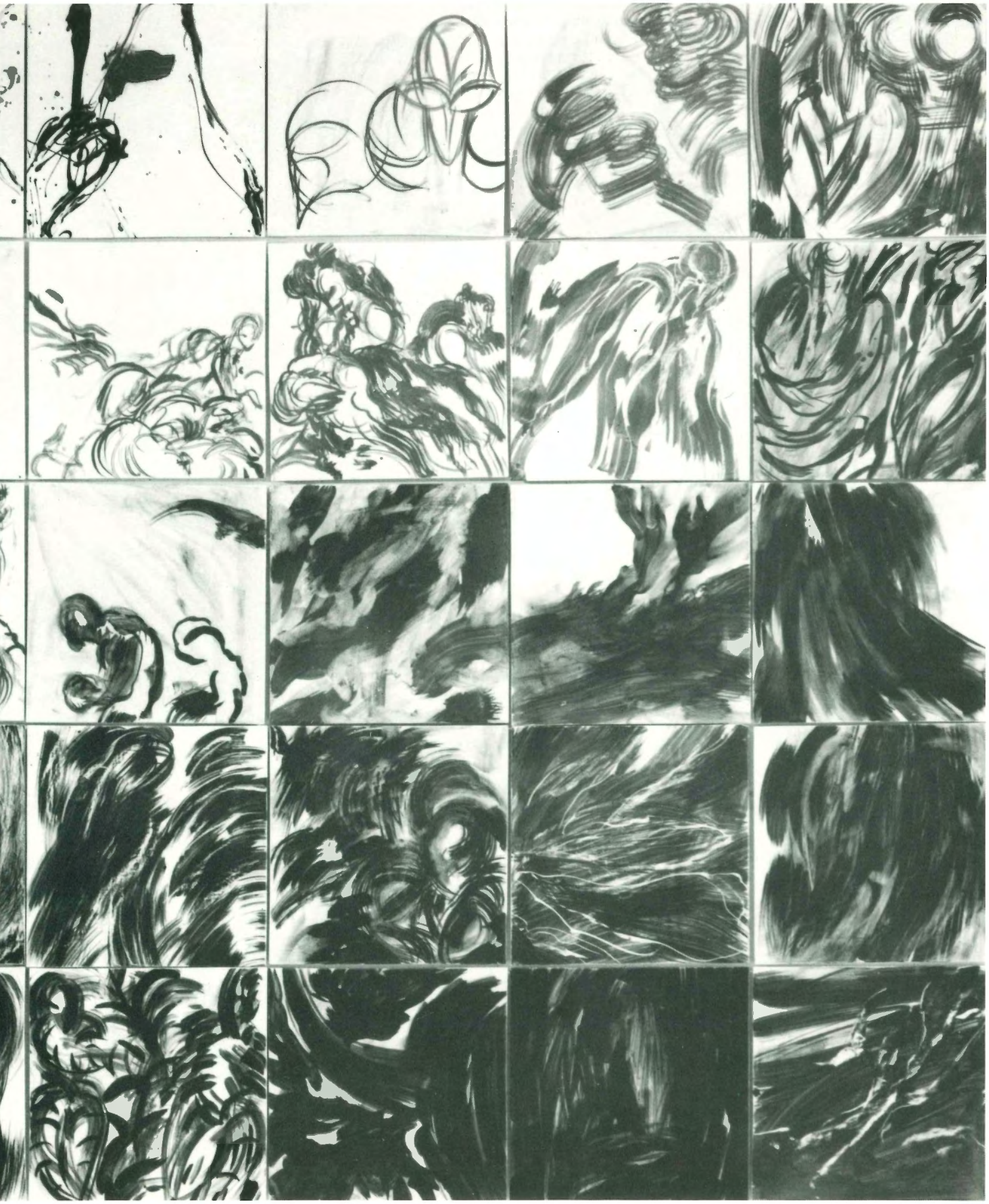
"Yes. As I said to Derek the other day. Would you in your wildest dreams have thought when we went to England to get those first pieces, that what is happening now would happen? I've had the most hectic week. I haven't made one penny. I haven't worked five minutes at my job. It's been all to do with this collection.

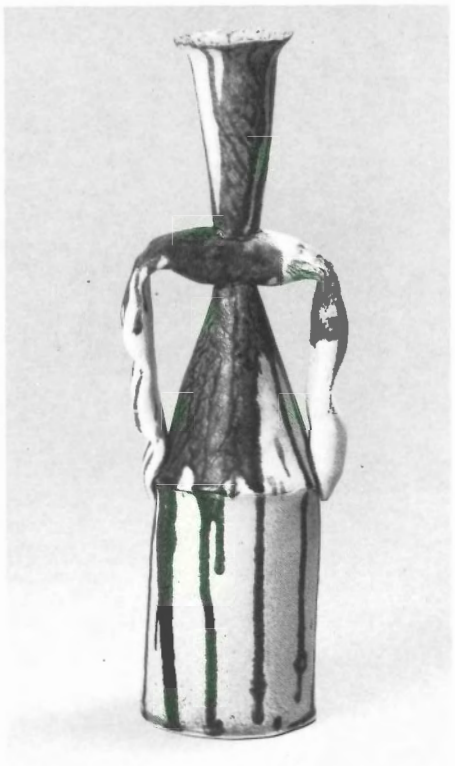
"I just wish one thing: that my father was here to see this. Because in his very natural, uneducated way, he would respond. The fact that I could put his bird and his bear next to Ron Nagle's cup—not because it's my father, but because I love them!"

If modern man still lives in a world of spirits—whether real or imagined—the Fates would be well satisfied with Daniel Jacobs. The young boy who lived in an imagined world of his own making, now lives in a world of imagination made by others. By doing so, he fosters the artist's vision and shares that vision with future generations.

1. Aline Saarinen, *The Proud Possessors* (New York: Random House, 1958), p. 76.
2. Ibid., p. 72.
3. Ibid., p. 100.

All quotations are taken from an interview with the collector conducted by the author, November 23, 1983. This essay is reprinted from the catalogue, A Passionate Vision: Contemporary Ceramics from the Daniel Jacobs Collection, *published by the DeCordova Museum in conjunction with an exhibition curated by Maria Friedrich (April 1–May 27, 1984). The twenty-four page catalogue is available for eight dollars postpaid from: The DeCordova Museum, Sandy Pond Road, Lincoln, MA 01773.*





Self-Portrait *(1983) by Akio Takamori, 31 3/8 x 12 1/2 x 5 1/2" (84.8 x 31.8 x 14cm), photo: Bror Karlsson.*

Untitled *(1982) by John Gill, 15 x 12 x 10" (38.1 x 30.5 x 25.4cm), photo: Bror Karlsson.*

Chimney Jar *(1971) by Robert Turner, 14 1/2 x 11" (36.8 x 28cm), photo: Bror Karlsson.*

'59 Dodge Custom Royal *(1982) by Arthur González, 21 x 39 x 18" (53.3 x 99 x 45.7cm), photo: Robert Noble.*

Conversation Pieces: The Cups of Irvin Tepper

by Paul Schimmel

Throughout his career, Irvin Tepper has relished the power of an object to express experience. Tepper allows the object to reveal its story in various ways. His drawings of porcelain cups instruct by way of extensive texts. His ceramics unveil their secrets in a purely visual manner.

Tepper's first experience in object making came as an undergraduate at the Kansas City Art Institute, where he mastered traditional wheel-thrown pottery. Tepper had abandoned traditional pottery by the time of his graduate studies at the University of Washington, where he concentrated on ceramic narrative tableaux. And by the end of graduate school, Tepper felt that ceramics was no longer a suitable medium for his concerns. He utilized photography as the primary medium for his increasingly conceptual work.

Tepper became involved in the San Francisco conceptual art world in 1971. He began a long period of exploratory ventures that included video, performance, photography, narrative, and stereoscopic photography. Photography later became a crucial element in the drawings, aiding his rendering of the cups.

Around 1975, he began to be aware of the ability of an object to suggest action, feelings, ideas, history, and, especially, generate a powerful phantom presence of persons who either owned or used that object. Tepper's first drawing of a cup, *Idea Drawing for Flawed Cup* (1975), used this idea of the powerful object. The cup pictured in this drawing had been pilfered from the University of Washington while Tepper was a graduate student. "It was a standard Syracuse china coffee cup. However, it has a crooked handle." And as Tepper has said, "I was excited by this cup because it had an imperfection. It was a machine-made product that was not perfect." It was not until 1976 that Tepper made his first mold of this cup, and it was at least another year before the first successful porcelain cup was executed. *Idea Drawing for Flawed Cup* was intended as an exercise for himself. This drawing brought together the disparate elements of his earlier art: ceramics, narrative, and an awareness of process. This drawing was drawn in a notebook. Tepper created small notebook drawings from 1975 to 1977. In 1977, he began to draw on a larger scale on a drawing table, with exhibition in mind. Since 1980 he has also created large-scale wall drawings, sometimes composed of multiple panels.

As Tepper's drawings have become graphically bolder, his texts have become more incisive. "Since *Hat Magic* (1979), I've worked the story out little by little. It's like meditating. I think about the object I'm drawing, then an idea comes up that is a little gem, and is off the wall...I just write it down. I can be listening to something and thinking about its consequences, and I'll write the whole thing down. I always think in conversational terms. The *object* is talking...not me."

Tepper is concerned with beauty that reveals itself at the moment when objects are on the verge of disaster or falling apart. He extracts human qualities from these objects. Many of the formal elements of the *Idea Drawing* have remained constant in Tepper's art. The use of the grid has been superseded by dividing the drawing into concentric circles. Tepper still draws each area without reference to adjacent areas, allowing greater concentration and expressing the discrete moment at which the area was drawn. He aims to create not an optically unified image, but a cohesive one through a fractured evocation of the object. The diaristic notations not only heighten the immediacy of the individual drawn area, but document the slow tedious method by which Tepper draws. In conjunction with the drawings are texts employing a range of voices. Tepper's earliest narratives were impersonal, almost journalistic; first-person narratives soon followed; finally came the narratives in which the objects speak. "Initially, the drawings were just a private notebook of things at that time (1975). They weren't meant to be shown; I thought eventually I'd have a whole notebook full and see my improvement in drawing, I don't try to make an edge on a hat or cup, at least not 'till the very end. Primarily I want to tell directly with emotion and try to let the drawing be free."

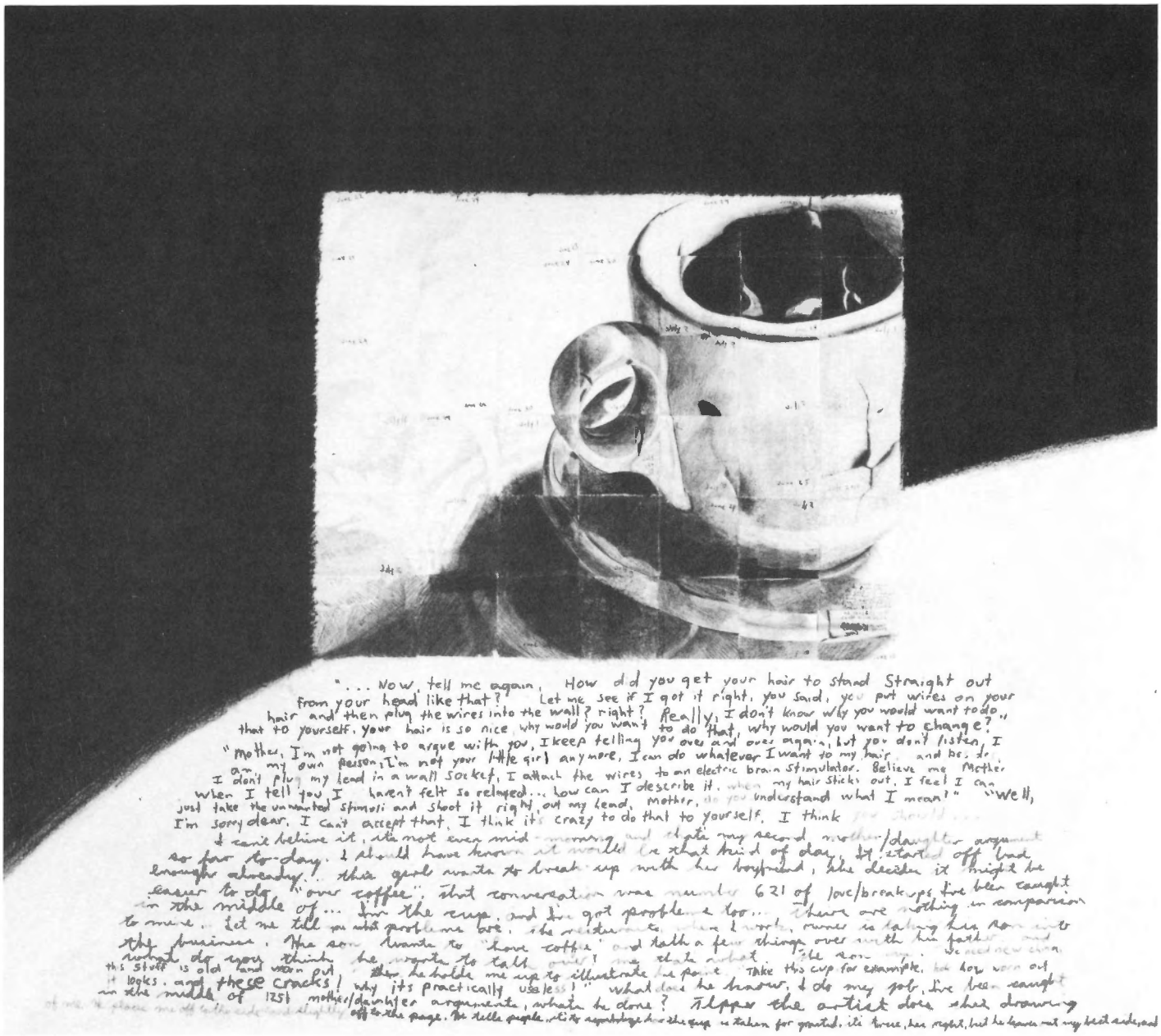
The diaristic notations in and around the drawing concentrate on personal events which distracted the artist and are used both as an apology for, and to focus attention on, the formal imperfection of the drawing. "I don't like the drawing to be perfect. If it's a perfect drawing, then the viewer is missing the experience...or part of life. It's like the individual who shuts out the world to reach a single goal. I'm not interested in making a representation. I have to have a feeling about the object I'm dealing with. Like with the stories, I have to have an experience before I can translate it into the story and then into the image."

Tepper, like many artists today, is not aligned to any one medium. His allegience is to concepts and to the cross-fertilization that results from working in many media. He endows his creations with a powerful presence, the presence that results from an object having borne witness through time. His best creations become animistic, like his best subject matter. They are full of experience, not empty perfection.

Heart Cup

I don't know what role the moon plays in this, probably nothing, but that's what he is thinking about as he sits there having coffee looking out the window staring at the moon then back to the cup. His thoughts are on a love affair that's ended, never to be regained. What he cannot solve in life, he struggles with the events to maybe make sense in his mind. He once heard that it's a great pleasure to dwell on the memory of things. This was pain.
I was making this cup from two kinds of clay and each day I worked he came by to tell me his sorrows. As I sanded the walls of the cup, I thought of his story. When the walls of the cup began getting thin, I noticed hearts were emerging from the body to the surface of the cup.

Heart Cup *(1978), cup: 3 1/4 x 3" (8.25 x 7.6cm), saucer: 5 1/4" (13.3cm) diameter, collection: Mr. Joseph L. Parker, Jr., Tulsa, OK.*


"... Now, tell me again, How did you get your hair to stand straight out from your head like that? Let me see if I got it right, you said, you put wires on your hair and then plug the wires into the wall, right? Really, I don't know why you would want to do that to yourself. your hair is so nice, why would you want to change?"
"Mother, I'm not going to argue with you, I keep telling you over and over again, but you don't listen, I am my own person, I'm not your little girl anymore, I can do whatever I want to my hair and besides, I don't plug my head in a wall socket, I attach the wires to an electric brain stimulator. Believe me, Mother, when I tell you I haven't felt so relaxed... how can I describe it... when my hair sticks out, I feel I can just take the unwanted stimuli and shoot it right out my head. Mother, do you understand what I mean?"
"Well, I'm sorry dear, I can't accept that, I think it's crazy to do that to yourself, I think
I can't believe it, it's not even mid-morning and that was my second mother/daughter argument so far today. I should have known it would be that kind of day, it started off bad enough already... this girl wants to break up with her boyfriend, she decides it might be easier to do "over coffee". That conversation was number 621 of love/breakups I've been caught in the middle of... I'm the cup, and I've got problems too... Theirs are nothing in comparison to mine... Let me tell you what problems are. the restaurant's, where I work, owner is taking his son into the business. His son wants to "have coffee" and talk a few things over with his father... and what do you think he wants to talk over? Me, that's what. The son says ..."We need new china, this stuff is old and worn out." Then he holds me up to illustrate his point. "Take this cup, for example, look how worn out it looks... and these cracks! Why it's practically useless!" What does he know. I do my job, I've been caught in the middle of 1251 mother/daughter arguments, what's he done? Tepper the artist does this drawing of me. He places me off to the side and slightly off the page. He tells people it's to symbolize how the cup is taken for granted. It's true, he's right, but he leaves out my best side and...

The Complaining Cup

"...Now, tell me again. How did you get your hair to stand straight out from your head like that? Let me see if I got it right, you said, you put wires on your head and then plug the wires into the wall, right? Really, I don't know why you would want to do that to yourself. Your hair is so nice, why would you want to do that, why would you want to change?"

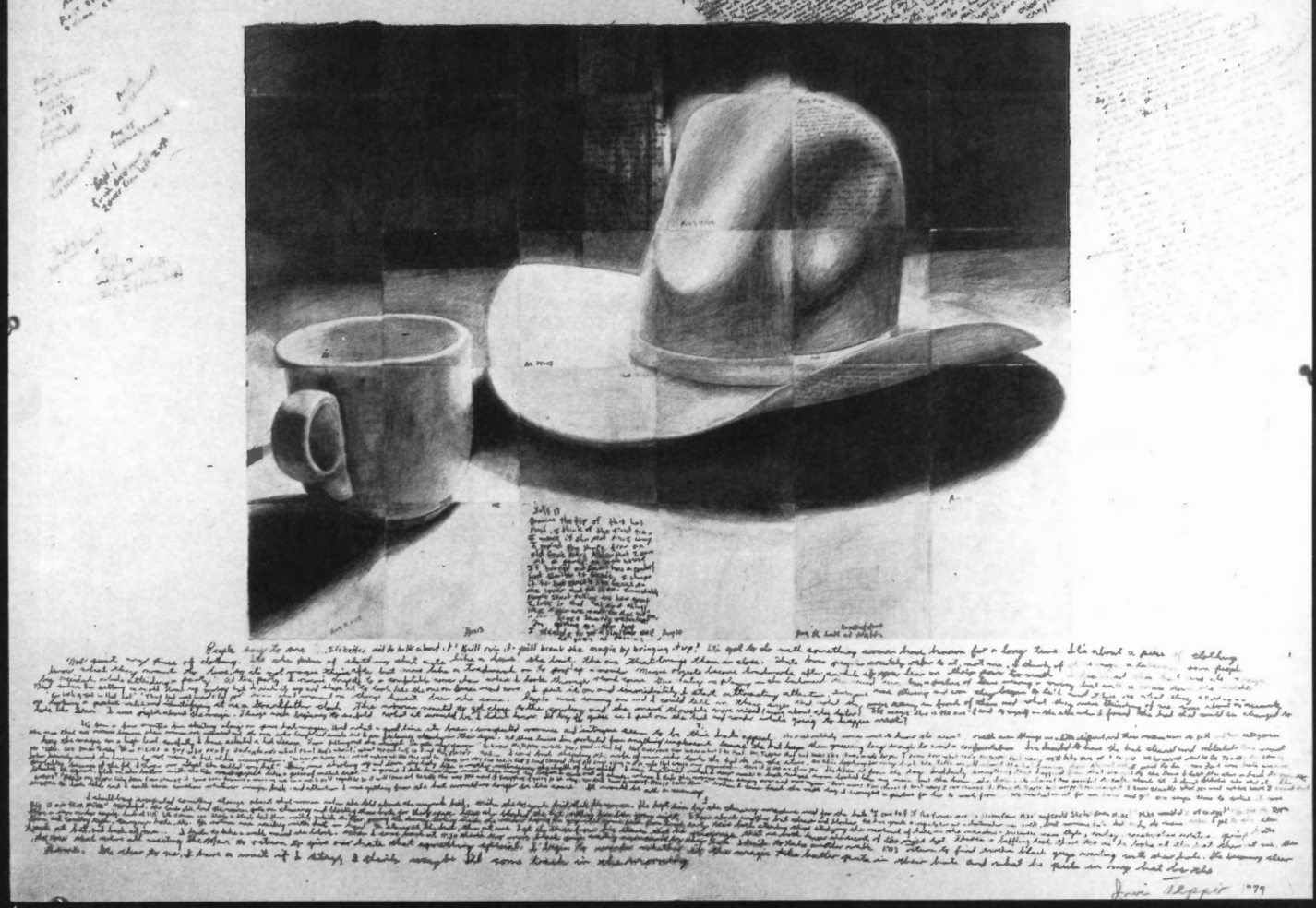
"Mother, I'm not going to argue with you. I keep telling you over and over again, but you don't listen. I am my own person. I'm not your little girl anymore. I can do whatever I want to my hair...and besides, I don't plug my head in a wall socket. I attach the wires to an electric brain stimulator. Believe me, Mother, when I tell you I haven't felt so relaxed...how can I describe it...when my hair sticks out, I feel I can just take the unwanted stimuli and shoot it right out of my head. Mother, do you understand what I mean?"

"Well, I'm sorry dear, I can't accept that. I think it's crazy to do that to yourself. I think you should..."

I can't believe it, it's not even mid-morning and that was my second mother/daughter argument so far today. I should have known it would be that kind of day. It started off bad enough already...this girl wants to break up with her boyfriend, she decides it might be easier to do "over coffee." That conversation was number 621 of love/breakups I've been caught in the middle of.... I'm the cup and I've got problems, too. Theirs are nothing in comparison to mine ....Let me tell you what problems are. The restaurant's, where I work, owner is taking his son into the business. His son wants to "have coffee" and talk a few things over with his father...and what do you think he wants to talk over? Me, that's what. The son says ..."We need new china, this stuff is old and worn out." Then he holds me up to illustrate his point. "Take this cup, for example, look how worn out it looks...and these cracks! Why it's practically useless!" What does he know. I do my job, I've been caught in the middle of 1251 mother/daughter arguments, what's he done? Tepper the artist does this drawing of me. He places me off to the side and slightly off the page. He tells people it's to symbolize how the cup is taken for granted. It's true, he's right, but he leaves out my best side and...

Complaining Cup *(1980), 20 x 22 1/2" (50.8 x 57.2cm), pencil on paper, collection: Dan and Jeanne Fauci, New York.*

Judy's Jump Cup *(1982), cup: 5 1/2 x 5″ (13.9 x 12.7cm), saucer: 8″ (20.3cm), collection: Martin and Judith Schwartz, Armonk, NY.*



Hat Magic

Part 1

People say to me "...it's better not to talk about it! You'll ruin it—you'll break the magic by bringing it up!" It's got to do with something women have known for a long time. It's about a piece of clothing. Not just any piece of clothing. It's a piece of clothing that acts like a lure, the bait, the one that brings them in close. That's how people crudely refer to it, not me. I think of it as magic, like a talisman. Some people know what they want to lure, so it's not magic they're after, but more like a trademark, or to prop-up a moniker. Magic objects become trademarks after a while if you lean on their power too much. I discovered this hat and its magic by accident, while attending a party. At the party, I remove myself to a comfortable chair, where I look through album covers. Gene Autry is playing in the background, the record cover has a picture of Gene wearing a cowboy hat with a crease down the middle. Near where I am sitting is an old beat-up cowboy hat. I pick it up and shape it to look like the one on Gene's record cover. I put it on and immediately I start attracting attention, everyone was staring and soon they began to talk and this is what they said..."You look great in that hat!" "That hat was made for you!" From that moment on things haven't been the same. People were coming on and I could tell in their eyes that what they were seeing in front of them and what they were thinking of me was about as accurate as looking at a pocket watch and identifying it as a Grandfather clock. The women wanted to get close to the cowboy and the men's thoughts were more mixed (more about that later). "It's magic, this is the one," I said to myself in the store when I found the hat that could be changed to look like Gene's. I was right about the magic. Things were beginning to unfold. What it would be, I didn't know, I'd try to guess as I put on the hat and wonder, what's going to happen next?

Part 2

It's been a few months, I'm skating along on pure hat magic and what a good time it's been...unexpected romance and intrigue seem to be this hat's appeal. The most unlikely women want to know the secret... with men things are a little different and their reactions tend to fall into two categories ...the ones who are nervous because the girlfirends are interested and the ones that laugh and smile, but jealousy is clearly in their eyes. At these times I'm protected from anything unpleasant because the hat keeps them guessing long enough to avoid a confrontation. I've decided to have the hat cleaned and reblocked—one must try to keep that "magic" at a high level—very carefully I select a hat cleaner. From filling out the receipt he gets the name. "You know, Mr. Tepper, you look very good in this hat. Not everyone can wear a hat like that Mr. Tepper. That hat looks like it was made for you. I know just what to do, Mr. Tepper. Don't worry about it. We'll take care of it for you, we know just what to do. Thanks for coming in. See you on Thursday." I think to myself ...now there's a guy who really understands what that hat's about. What great luck to find this place. When I come back Thursday the wife of the man who took the hat is in the store...as she's looking for my hat she tells me about the hat business, how it's not what it used to be. "Men don't wear hats anymore. John Kennedy ruined the business by not wearing a hat at his inauguration...you know, Mr. Tepper, they're just not making hats like they used to. Yours is a very fine hat. In fact, I personally hand cleaned it and put sizing in it to make the crease more permanent. Here it is. Let me show you..." She takes it from the bag....
Suddenly everything that happened from that moment to the time I left the store has been hard to remember...probably because of the fit. I thought over what she called "My Hat." Pain was shooting up and down my body like a mother witnessing the death of her child. I was hysterical(What I saw was a hat whose crown looked like mine, but the brim. The brim. It's almost too painful to talk about it....I don't believe she did it....She blocked it square. Flat at the bottom with the sides creased up. Just like a piece of metal bent in a press. I don't know how much time went by before I came out of shock. When I did the woman was saying over and over again, "Don't worry, I can change it. Don't worry, I can change it. Please, Mr. Tepper, I can change it. I know exactly what you want." Where have I heard that before? "Please, Mr. Tepper, calm down. I can change it. Come back tomorrow morning, we can work on it together so it will come out exactly the way you want it. Everything is going to be O.K....You don't have to worry. Please calm down."

When I came back the next day I came with a picture for her to work from. We worked on it for about an hour and got the shape close to what it was supposed to look like. But I could sense somehow whatever luck, magic, and attention I was getting from that hat would no longer be the same. It would all be a memory.

Part 3

I should have suspected something strange about that woman when she told me about the minah bird. Mike the Minah Bird was his name. She kept him by the cleaning machine used for the hats. "I can tell if the fumes are getting too strong for my Mike..." and how would she tell from Mike...Mike would die, of course.... "You see, Mr. Tepper, this is our third Mike." Wonderful. The bird dies but the woman goes on cleaning and blocking those hats. Just like the last thirty years.

Since she blocked the hat nothing has been going right. I hear about another hat cleaner and blocker. He has quite a reputation as a hat maker as well, but he refuses to do women's hats. He'll only do men's. When I got to the store there was a sign on the door that said back at 1:15. It's 12:00 noon now. There's a young black kid there pacing the doorway looking inside the window. You can tell by his actions he is hoping the guy will come back early. We are both standing there studying the assortment of hats in the window. There's business man's style, cowboy, campaign hats, etc. He is watching me standing with my hat in my hand. He stares at the hat, then at me. Although he looks puzzled, I get the sense from his stares that he recognizes that we both know the secret of the right hat. The baffling look is there. He first looks at the hat, then back at me. At this point I decide to take a walk around the block. When I come back at twelve-thirty, there's two more black guys waiting with large-brim, brightly colored hats, the kind identified with hustlers.... I decide to take another walk...at 1:03 I return to find twelve black guys waiting with their hats. It's beginning to come clear to me that the man we are all waiting for can give our hats that something special. It's becoming clear to me that this hatter has the reputation for a particular magic. If I stay I know I will have to wait. I think I'll come back tomorrow.

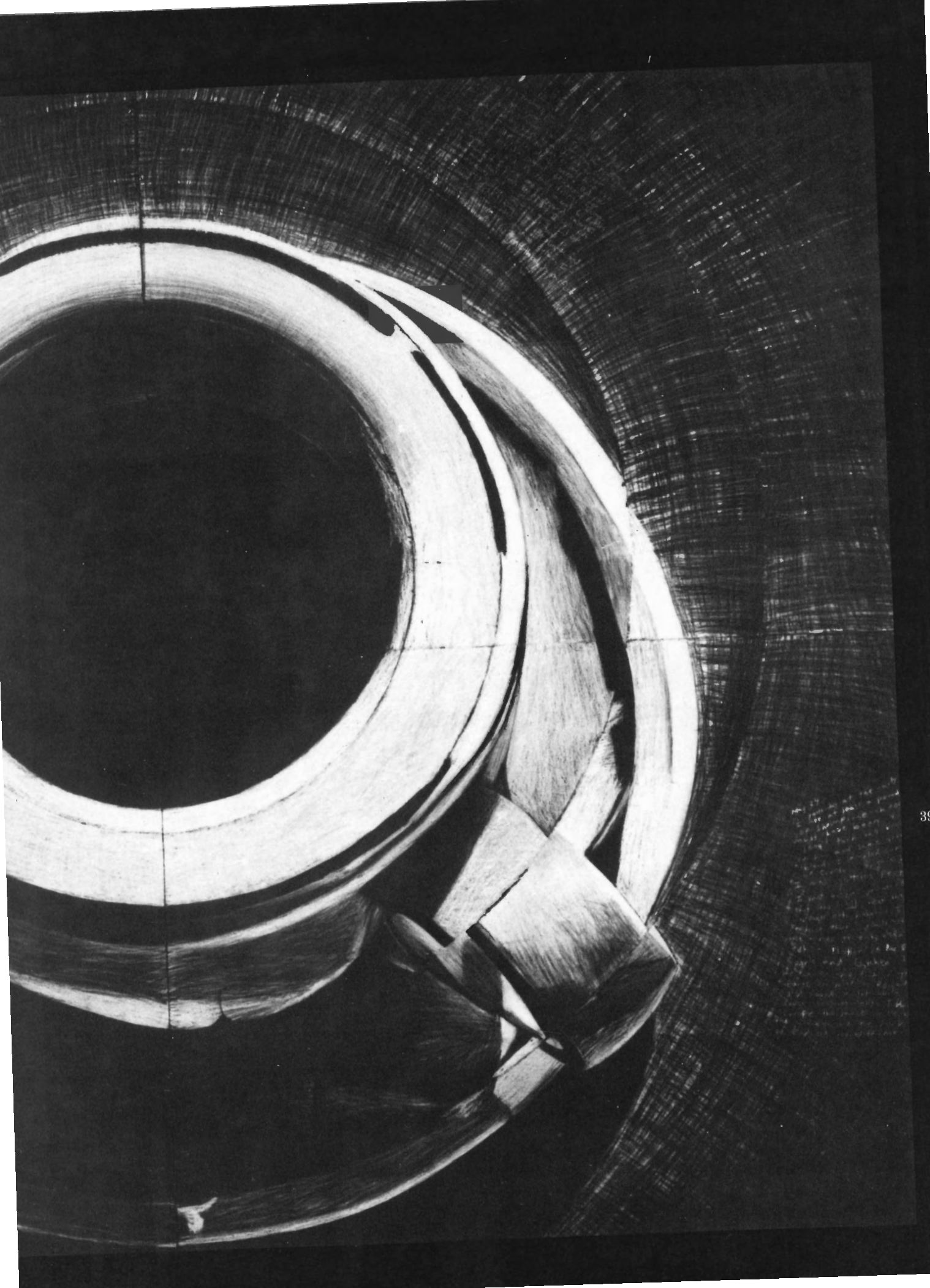
Hat Magic *(1979), 23 x 30" (58.4 x 76.2cm), pencil on paper, collection: Mr. Paul Schimmel.*

The introduction is adapted from Paul Schimmel's catalogue essay on Tepper's exhibition organized by the Newport Harbor Art Museum, which also traveled to the University Art Museum of the University of California, Berkeley, and to the Art Gallery of San Diego State University. Schimmel is curator of exhibitions and collections at the Newport Harbor Art Museum. The twenty-two page catalogue is available for $6.50 plus postage from: Newport Harbor Art Museum, 850 San Clemente Drive, Newport Beach, California 92660. All quotes are taken from an interview between Schimmel and Tepper conducted in 1983. Tepper is represented by Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco; Vanderwoude Tananbaum Gallery, New York; and Morgan Gallery, Kansas City. All photos courtesy Gallery Paule Anglim.

Happy Boy *(1984), 42 x 30" (106.7 x 76.2cm), charcoal on paper, collection: Mr. James Harithas, New York.*

A-16 *(1982), cup: 5 1/2 x 5" (13.9 x 12.7cm), saucer: 8" (20.3cm) diameter, collection: the artist.*

Big Ear, Big Mouth *(1981), 66 x 84" (167.6 x 213.4cm), white charcoal on black museum board, collection: Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, CA.*



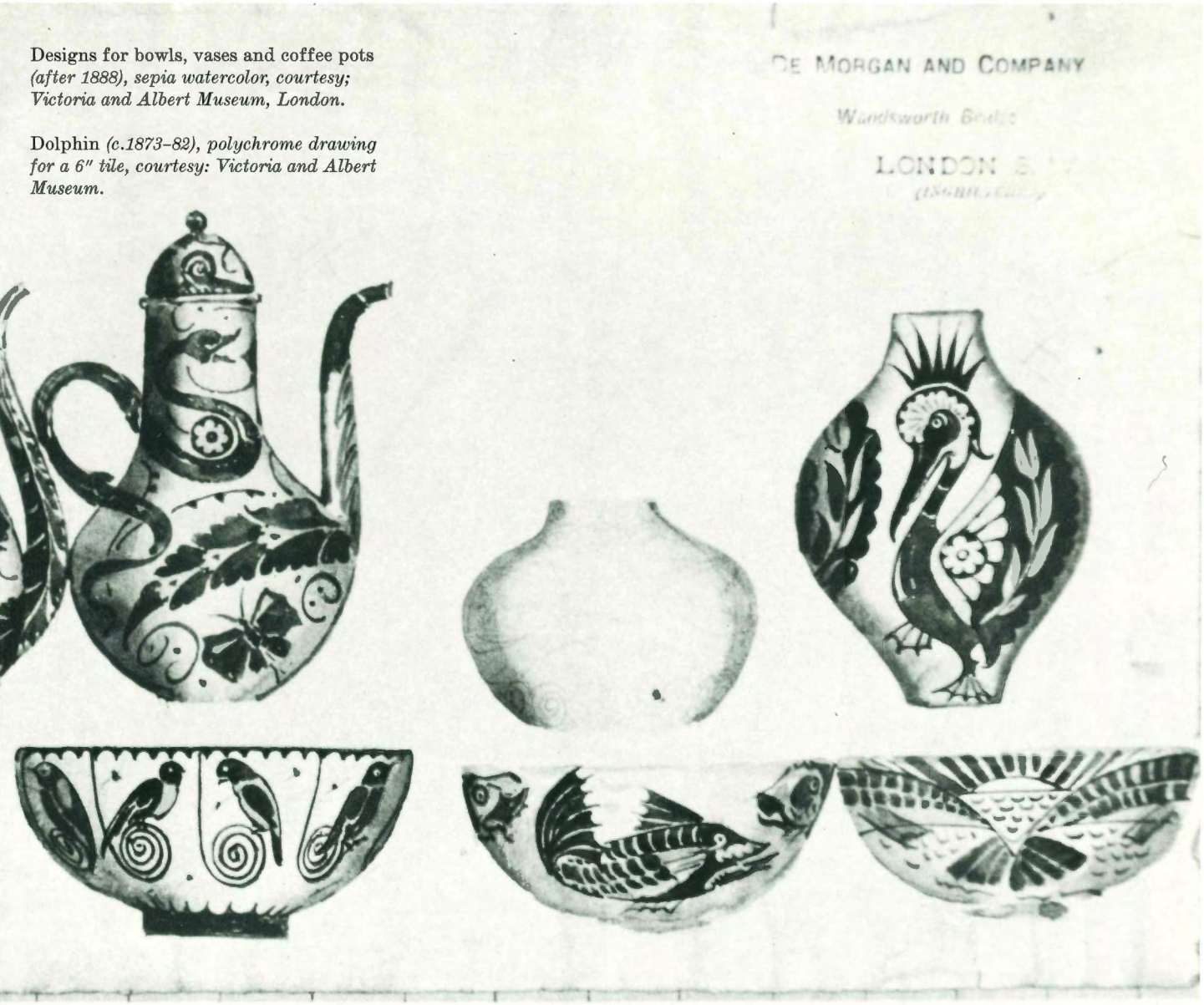
De Morgan Tiles and Victorian Taste

by Jon Catleugh

Best known of the nineteenth-century English ceramicists is William De Morgan. He was not an artist-potter in the sense exemplified by his contemporaries, the Martin brothers, or by such later masters as Michael Cardew and Bernard Leach. For unlike the Martins, Cardew, and Leach—who processed their own clay, did their own throwing, modelling, decorating, firing, and, in the Martins' case, even managed their own shop—De Morgan bought commercial whiteware from Staffordshire and employed a thrower to produce shapes he had designed on paper. Yet as an innovative stained-glass and ceramics designer and decorator, and life-long friend of William Morris, De Morgan was a central figure in the Arts and Crafts Movement.

Born in 1839, De Morgan was the son of Augustus De Morgan, professor of mathematics at University College, London University. Aspiring to be a painter, the young De Morgan entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1859, just as the new spirit was being born.

That same year, Philip Webb designed Red House for William Morris and his wife, Jane Burden. When the young couple moved into the house in 1860, Morris found that there were no commercially available furnishings that matched his vision of mediaeval domesticity. His solution was to rally his friends to design for the needs of the new house. In addition to Webb, they



Designs for bowls, vases and coffee pots *(after 1888), sepia watercolor, courtesy; Victoria and Albert Museum, London.*

Dolphin *(c.1873–82), polychrome drawing for a 6" tile, courtesy: Victoria and Albert Museum.*

included Edward Burne-Jones, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Ford Maddox Brown. Full of ideals, Morris formed Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Company, which in 1861 began to market their designs.

By 1863, when he was introduced to Morris and Burne-Jones, De Morgan had realized that his talents were more likely to flower in the field of stained glass than in painting. He soon began to execute designs for Morris's young company, and throughout the sixties produced stained glass, tiles, and painted door panels for cabinets designed by Webb. Morris himself was particularly interested in stained glass. Supervising all the glass that his firm produced, he often altered the colors of works in progress, in spite of the original designer's intention. Such meddling on Morris's part disturbed De Morgan, who felt the need to establish his own glass studio in Fitzroy Square, London, where he worked with the glass craftsman J. T. Lyon.

Fortunately, Morris was less interested in ceramics. The tiles that Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Company produced, often designed by Morris, Webb, or Burne-Jones, were painted by them or their friends and fired inside an iron muffle in the same kiln used for the stained glass. The designs, particularly those by Burne-Jones, have the simplicity and mediaeval charm of Morris's poems (such as "The Defense of Guinevere," 1858). Technically, however, they were often defective—the blues changing to dull blue gray and sinking into the glaze, the greens often disappearing altogether. Because Morris never had a great enthusiasm for ceramics or for the unsatisfactory results of some of his own tiles, he was probably relieved to see De Morgan's growing interest. This happened more or less by accident. De Morgan noticed that when the silver stain he was using to outline his designs on glass was overfired, it turned iridescent. In 1869 or 1870, he began experiments to determine whether he could produce the same effect on tiles. Before long he was able to produce a convincing red luster on simple silhouette shapes. Several designs that are known to be Morris's were produced by his firm in blue on white, while the same designs were painted by De Morgan in red luster on identical, bought-in Dutch tiles. This clearly indicates that De Morgan gradually assumed control over some of Morris's designs. Over the years, these were modified to suit De Morgan's own style and technique. (Morris also executed at least three designs specifically for De Morgan. Some of Morris's most popular tiles were later produced for him in Holland, and were at the Morris shop on Oxford Street as late as the 1890s.)

By 1872 De Morgan was sufficiently confident in his ceramics to abandon his career as a stained-glass artist. His decision was accelerated by the death of J. T. Lyon and a kiln fire that

Vase, *11 1/2" (29.2cm) high.*

Large Dish, *19 1/2" (49.5cm) diameter.*

Dish, *13 1/2" (34.3cm) high.*

destroyed the house in Fitzroy Square. He set up a workshop in Chelsea, employing six women painters for the tiles and at least four men for the pots, dishes, and tile panels. Hand painting was an essential part of the doctrine of the Arts and Crafts Movement, and although De Morgan experimented with stencils, mechanical printing was an anathema. Pots and dishes were designed in full color on paper. These designs were then executed on bought-in whiteware by painters who were never allowed to do any designing themselves or to vary De Morgan's designs. To ensure the accurate continuity of the design from one tile to another and to retain the variations of color intensity which give life to a wall of handpainted tiles, De Morgan devised an ingenious method. The master drawing was attached to the underside of a sheet of glass, then a sheet of thin paper was laid on the top of the glass. Using the glass as a tracing table, the design was copied on the paper with glaze colors. When completed, the paper was placed face down on the biscuit-fired, slip-coated tile and the back of the paper was brushed with glaze and sodium silicate. In the firing, the thin paper was reduced to ash and absorbed into the glaze.

De Morgan's tiles were used mostly in fireplaces and bathrooms. Occasionally panels were framed and sold as pictures. Some panels were incorporated into interior schemes, between the paneling and the cornice moldings. His fireplaces were considered almost mandatory in Bedford Park and Hans Town (behind Harrods)—areas of London developed for the upper middle class during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. At least five times more expensive than commercially produced tiles, De Morgan's tiles were frequently used by the more successful domestic architects of the time, among them Norman Shaw and J. J. Stevenson. In 1904, Halsey Ricardo designed No. 8 Addison Road, London, which still has its fireplaces, bathrooms, and most of its external tiles intact.

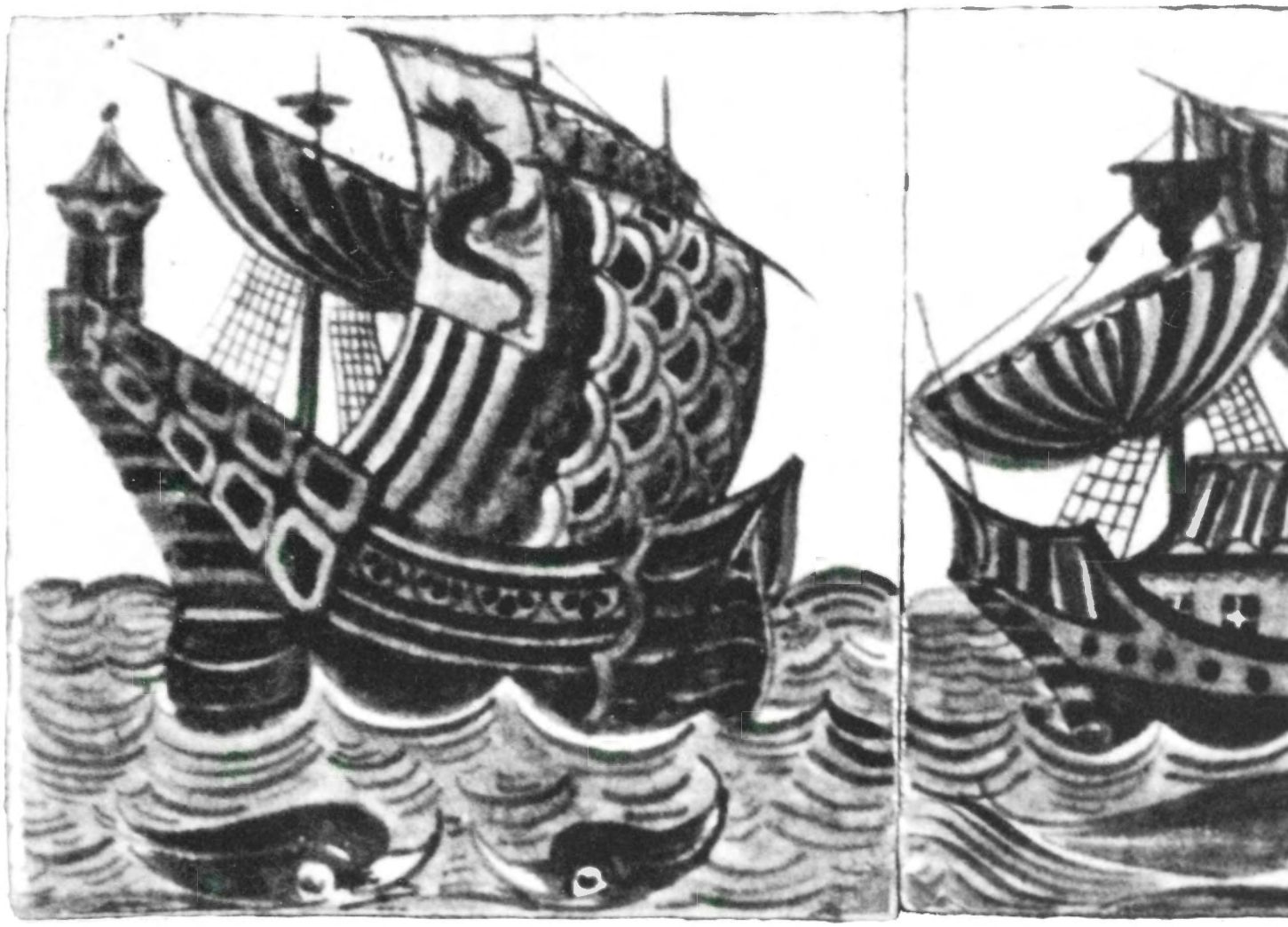
Unfortunately, none of the ships for which De Morgan designed and made tiles still exists. The first was the Livadia (1879), private yacht of the Czar of Russia. A strange vessel, built in Glasgow, it had a roughly circular plan because the Czar, who suffered from seasickness, believed it would be more stable. This was followed, from 1882 to 1900, by twelve ships for the P & O Line, which operated luxury liners between England and India and the Far East. These ships were either sold when they became obsolete or were sunk during or shortly after the First World War.

It is difficult to estimate how many tiles De Morgan designed and produced during his career. Based on the twelve hundred drawings that his widow donated to the Victoria and Albert Museum, the number must be close to one thousand. Many motifs—animals and ships in particular—occur against various

backgrounds on tiles, dishes, and pots. Many of these designs were produced in various colors and lusters. His invention of patterns seems to have been almost limitless, inspired by an eclectic variety of sources, which included Morris's mediaevalism, Islamic ceramics, Italian majolica, and Hispano-Moresque ware. This nineteenth-century eclecticism was not, as has often been said, due to a lack of imagination and taste on the part of designers. Rather, it occurred because the century was one of new and marvelous achievement. The problem was to find the idiom that best expressed the ideas of discovery and progress that meant so much to the Victorians.

The classical values admired by the rationalist eighteenth century began to crumble in the face of the Romantic and Industrial Revolutions. Searching for a congenial alternative to the society being molded by industrialization, such thinkers as William Carlyle, John Ruskin, and Morris looked to the paternalistic society of the Middle Ages. They considered its architecture and decoration to be intensely emotional expressions of man, society, and religion. The Socialist beliefs of Morris were utopian expressions in a mediaeval idiom. Although De Morgan never agreed with Morris's socialism, he was sympathetic to the forms of mediaeval art and decoration and their relationship of form, color, and materials to method. These influences ran against the mainstream of industrial designers, who mechanically copied handmade work with devastating vulgarity. The self-conscious simplicity of designers like Morris and De Morgan was revolutionary. Their philosophy combined with improvements in transportation and communications to bring to Europe a new understanding of cultures that had been largely ignored. Such cultures were thought to have values that were relevant to the new ideas, in addition to producing strangely colorful and exotic artifacts.

Owen Jones was the first to seriously explore the wealth of Islamic design. His Alhambra drawings were published between 1836 and 1845. Later, in 1856, his influential *Grammar of Ornament* was also printed by the South Kensington Museum, which began purchasing Islamic ceramics and textiles soon after they opened in 1857. They also bought Italian majolica. The rich colors and patterns of Isnik tiles and the luxurious copper and gold lusters of Gubbio and Deruta immediately appealed to De Morgan. Having mastered the difficulties of luster firing, he was able to produce the turquoise and cobalt blues, olive greens and manganese purples of the Isnik palette. He applied these "Persian colors," as he called them, to shapes he adapted from Isnik pots, particularly the tall, long-necked bottles with baluster swelling. Their decorations of carnations, tulips, and prunus were favorite



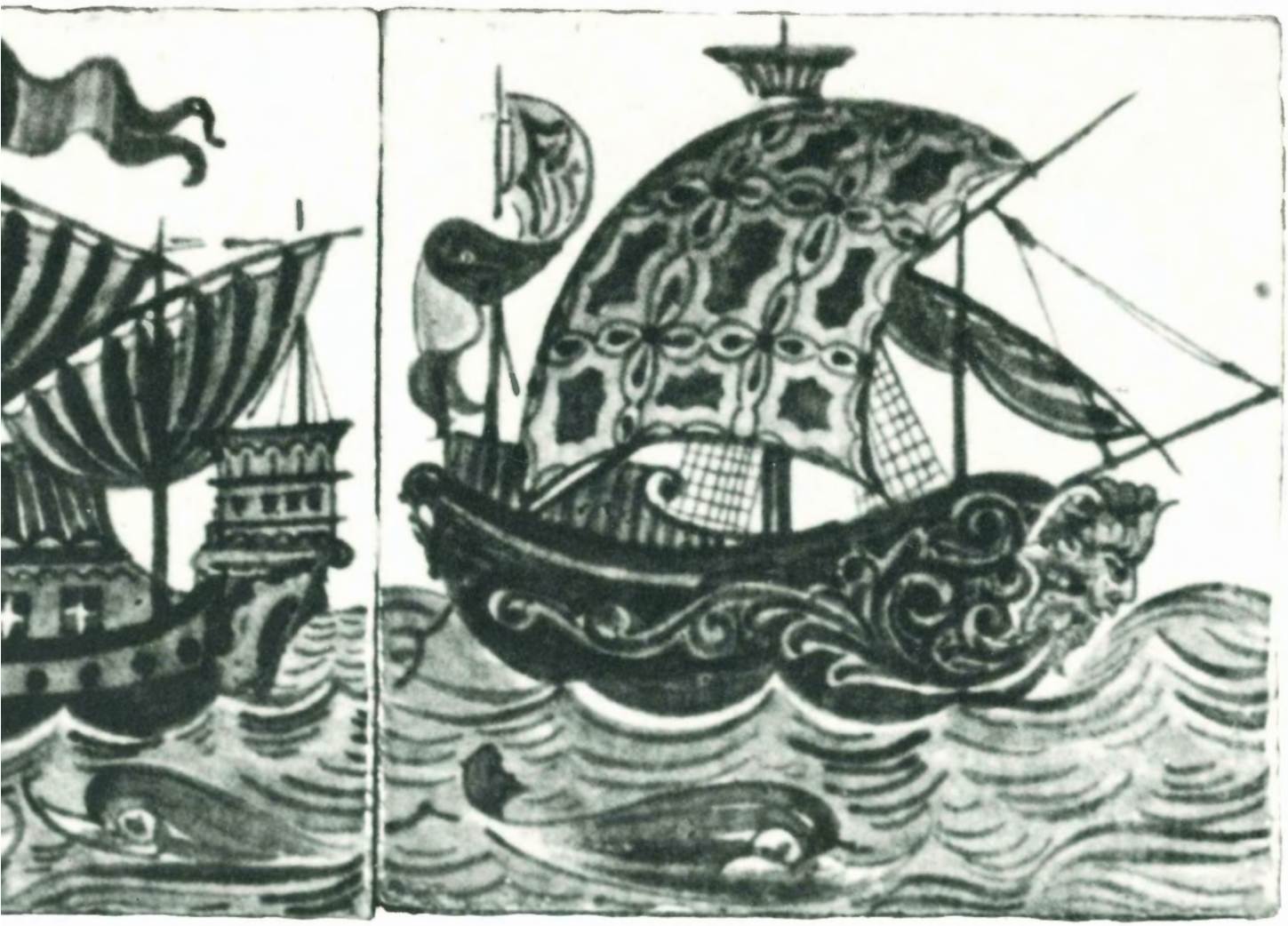
motifs in Isnik ceramics from the early sixteenth century onwards.

De Morgan's tile and pottery designs fall into four groups: flowers evincing Morris's mediaeval simplicity (daisies, sunflowers, and roses), animals (usually fantastic, imaginary beasts), ships (stylized mediaeval or Tudor ships or Arab dhows) and Islamic motifs such as palmettes, botehs, arabesques, and flowers. Despite the popularity of Japanese fashions, after 1862, and that of the evocations of Greece favored by Edward Godwin, Walter Crane, and the Aesthetic Movement, De Morgan remained true to his initial inspiration and showed an interest in the Aesthetic Movement only when given a specific commission. In 1907, a lack of money forced De Morgan to give up his pottery career. He was a very poor businessman and by then changing fashions had reduced the demand for the Morris style.

Ironically, though his ceramics were appreciated by the cultured few, he was not well known until, at the age of 68, he started to write novels. At the time of his death in 1917, he had published seven, and an unfinished one was completed by his wife. Though they make extremely heavy reading today, they were enormously popular. *Joseph Vance*, the first, was a great success on both sides of the Atlantic and ran through eight editions in eighteen months. Nevertheless, De Morgan observed that fame and fortune had arrived too late. Although his genius is now appreciated, one wonders what he could have produced had he not abandoned the work he loved while his imagination was still fertile.

Jon Catleugh, a trustee of the William De Morgan Foundation, is the author of William De Morgan Tiles, *which has been recently published by Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, New York. An architect by training, Catleugh is a specialist in historic interiors and furniture.*

For further reading on De Morgan, see: Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, William De Morgan and His Wife *(London: 1922), and William Gaunt,* William De Morgan *(London: Studio Vista, 1971).*



Three Ship Tiles, *6" (15.2cm) each.*

B.B.B., *red lustre on white tiles.*

Design using an Islamic palmette motif.

Dish, *14" (35.5cm) diameter.*

Ted Randall in his Alfred studio, 1982.
Photo: Stephen S. Myers.

Ted Randall: An Interview

by Susan Wechsler

Ted Randall was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on October 18, 1914. He graduated from Yale University with a BFA in sculpture in 1935 and received his MFA in ceramics from Alfred University in 1949. At one time he was not only the chairman of the Division of Art and Design at Alfred University, but also served as president of the National Association of Schools of Art and the National Council for Education in the Ceramic Arts. He was also chairman of the Council of Art Department Chairmen of State Universities and served on the National Council on the Arts in Education.

Having dedicated himself to so many public activities in the past, it is no wonder that he has chosen to live on a secluded hill in Alfred, New York. His self-designed modernist house clearly reflects his love for the clean lines of geometry and the simplicity of ordered structures. This strong interest in form culminates in his vessels, whose abstract markings and appendages comprise an orderly system of decoration. Architectonic, monumental, and self-consciously historical, they are the work of a man who has integrated his training in sculpture with a passionate understanding of pottery.

At age 70, working in his studio every day and maintaining his pottery equipment business, Randall possesses all the energy and enthusiasm of a young man.

One of the things I suppose is unusual about me is that I'm a third generation ceramicker. From 1896 on up to 1920 or so, my grandfather owned, edited, and produced *The Clayworker*, one of the first trade journals in the field of ceramics. He was also secretary of the National Brick Manufacturers' Association; it was from this group that the American Ceramic Society split off. He married Amanda Billingsly, whose father was the editor of a trade journal in England dealing with terra-cotta drain tile. He sent his son—my father—to Ohio State University to learn ceramic engineering, and then on to Alfred University to study under Professor Charles Binns, who was at that time famous for some new theories on glaze technology. It was there that he met my mother, an art student.

When I was young, I can't say I was really conscious of ceramics as a field. It was one of those things my parents did that I didn't really know too much about. I was, however, very conscious of my father as an engineer. He would make little things for me and he and I would work together with clay. Growing up, I used clay as a toy, just as other children would use Tinker Toys; it was a natural thing. I won prizes in the Parent-Teachers competitions, and that's where my whole career started. My mother was at some pains to see that I studied art under the various sculptors who would visit Indianapolis from time to time. At age fourteen, I won a prize for a bronze sculpture at the "Hoosier Salon." Of course, I thought I was a sculptor from then on.

I can never remember a time when I didn't think of myself as a sculptor-to-be, or when I ever wanted to be anything but that. It just grew as an organic part of me, something ingrained, part of my bones and flesh I suppose. High school was just a necessity, like one of those problems you have in life. The thing that had more importance for me was going down to the John Herron Art Institute to study art on Saturday afternoons. Even though I loved all kinds of sports, and did pretty much what other young people do, I had this outside interest that was kind of a personal thing with me, which I don't think many of my other friends even knew about. It was a private world for me—to enter, to live in, and to grow in. Somewhere along the line, I had to decide what I was going to do with myself, and I decided I would go to college and study art. From that moment on, I began to think of myself more as a professional person.

In the thirties, the Yale School of Fine Arts was one of the few colleges that had any studio courses, and it was probably the most famous art school going, largely because it had a great record of winning Prix de Rome prizes. If you went to Yale, you were almost certain of winning one, and of course this was the entré into the professional art world in those days. You would win the prize, go to Rome and study for two years, then come back and your career was assured—at least that's what I thought! Yale was a professional art school, and what you were studying was

HE HAND
AND
HE SPIRIT
CRAFTS
GALLERY

4222 North Marshall Way
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
Telephone (602) 946-4529

architectural sculpture under men who were professional sculptors, with *ateliers*, as they were called, in New York City. Architecture was the great mother of the arts in those days, and if you were a sculptor, you were designing sculpture for buildings. We sneered at easel painting and pedestal sculpture. There was great emphasis on art as the *appearance* of things, nature as the eyes saw it. People thought they knew exactly what art was. You didn't have to learn art, all you had to do was learn the mechanics—life drawing and modeling. You sharpened your charcoal to a needlelike point and you'd end up with something that looked like a photographic image. Art in those days was simply a matter of arranging the human figure in various poses with style! Nature was our great teacher, but when we got down to making art, we had to be true to the nature of the materials, and this meant to stylize. Oddly enough, this was one of the things that produced Art Deco—the stylization of art. In other words, when you were being true to materials, you learned to stylize nature; if you were going to design for bronze, you simply made forms that were more liquid and a little more linear; if you were designing for stone, you made things that were blockier. You weren't making forms like flesh, you were making these human forms like bronze or like stone. We ended up with forms very much like Lee Lawrie's sculpture of *Atlas* holding up the world there at Rockefeller Center on Fifth Avenue or the *Prometheus* by Paul Manship.

Yale was terribly reactionary—the rearguard fighting against the avant-garde—and we were actually taught that modern art could only be described as the "French decadence." After El Greco and Rodin things began to come apart, so our teachers told us, and they held up Matisse as a horror story of what garish color was now being practiced! "There's no underpainting," they would say. They would look at Cézanne and point to the terrible degeneration of draftsmanship! In the twenties, when I was studying as a John Herron artist, I was aware of the plaster casts of Daniel Chester French's sculptures, which were in the Institute. There weren't many art books, no color slides, and not very many color prints. And the illustrations of art in art books very often were just drawings. Drawings, as far as sculpture was concerned, had to do primarily with renderings of plaster casts of Roman copies of Greek bronzes. Why in the world I ever wanted to be an artist, I can't imagine.

By the time I graduated in 1938, the modern movement had come and was almost over! I'd learned my classical art history; the history of painting, sculpture, and architecture as it was taught up through the Renaissance, but short of the modern period. (Manet, I guess, was one of the last of the great artists that we were allowed to consider.) Free of the academic weight of those teaching attitudes, I began to open my eyes to a lot of the things that were going on. After all, The Museum of Modern Art had opened its doors in 1938, and Meyer Schapiro had just published his great book on *Modern Art*. But even though I was aware of the modern art movement and I had lived in New York City, there was very little modern art that you could find anywhere around. (The great New York School didn't start until almost the fifties.) The art that was being done was still Art Deco.

I opened a studio in Brooklyn with another sculptor, a painter, an industrial designer, and a young architect, and we had a great loft just south of where the Brooklyn Bridge came down into Brooklyn. We were going to win the world! I got some hack work for the 1939 World's Fair, enlarging a sculpture of the Virginia River washing her hair and others, using a pointing system. I spent two years competing in various architectural competitions, not winning any at all. In 1940, the World's Fair closed and the curtain came down on New York City. Quite literally, Art Deco was over at that point and the big names—most of the men like Paul Manship who had been practicing in New York City as professional architectural sculptors—went broke. There was no more sculpture put on buildings. The whole arts scene just suddenly disappeared. World War II was coming on and we were getting ready for that. There were no jobs, we were still in the Depression. As a young person in New York City, there was just nothing for me to do. So I gave up practicing art and went to Wellesville, New York, where my parents were living, to work in the oilfields. After two years I enlisted in the army and was in Europe for three years. I came home in 1945 to a wife and two children, with nothing to do. I figured the best thing I could do was go back to college on the GI bill. I was looking for something practical, something I could earn a living with. Alfred was fifteen miles away, so I went to study ceramic engineering. It was only then that I really began to understand what my background at Alfred had been; it was only then that I really took into account the fact that my mother and father had also gone to Alfred, and here I was returning there for graduate study.

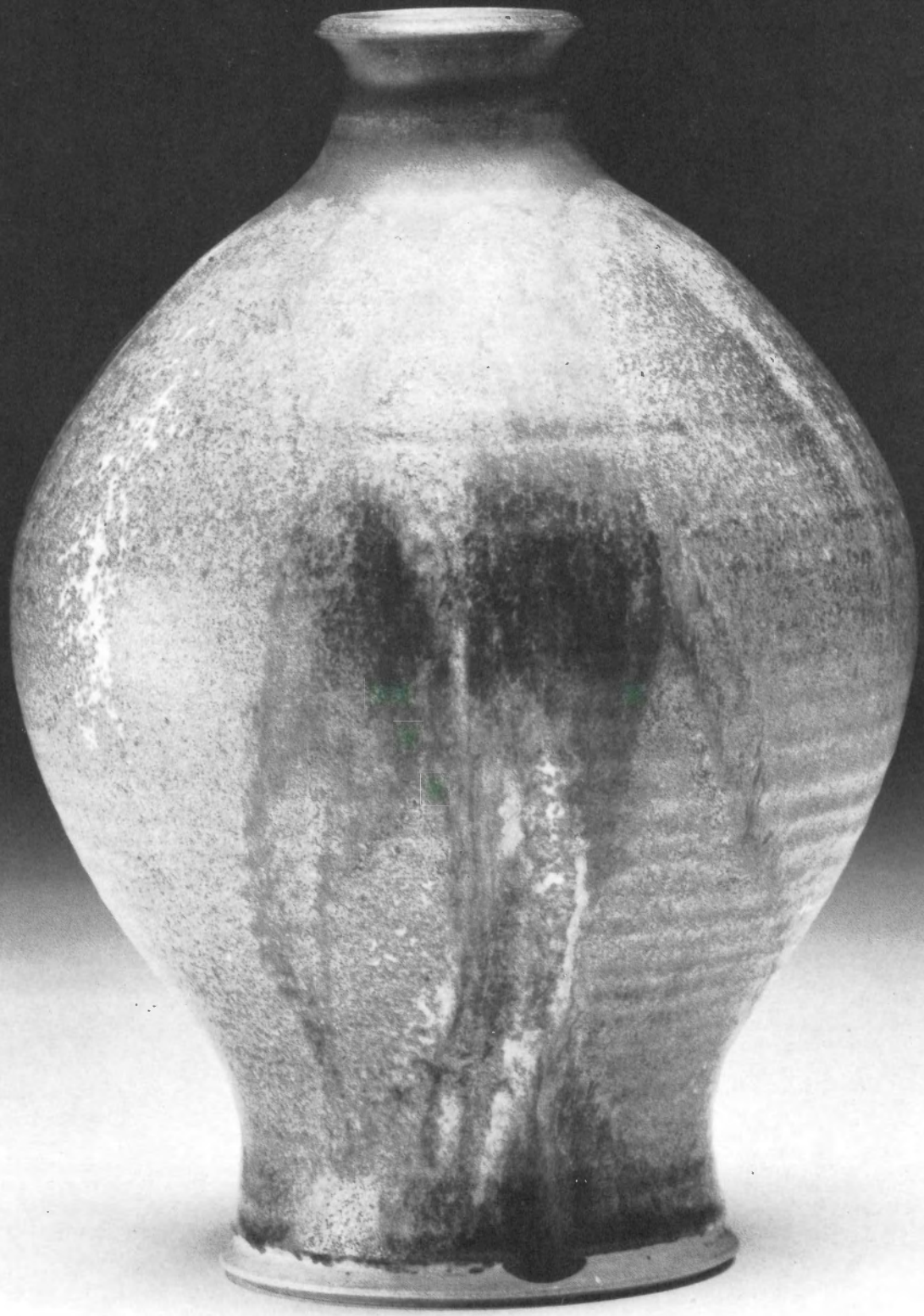
I got there in 1948 and Charles Harder persuaded me over to the graduate program in art. The great emphasis then was on industrial ceramic design rather than art. It was a new field for me and I didn't know anything about it, you see. As the whole field of ceramics began to expand so enormously after World War II, the field of design was also expanding, and was drawing interest from young people. (That was before it got a bad name in the late sixties.) The GI's who were returning from the Army to college were really more interested in design than anything else—design with a capital D—as a field in itself. It grew, conceptually, as a spin-off from architecture: form follows function, and the concept that one should use the modern tools of technology for the good of mankind—the greatest good for the greatest number. You used all the tools and all of the techniques that were available to produce good designs or products. Ceramic design was just one of those things that we began to learn about. The question of ceramic art versus design or craft had not arisen yet. About that time, in 1948 or '49, the American Crafts School had been briefly at Alfred, but it was primarily concerned with individual craft work: how to teach a person to make something on his own power and sell it at a modest price. Alfred was more industry-related. We studied industrial techniques—the mold shop and the mold process—and the whole marketing scene—the business of management and sales.

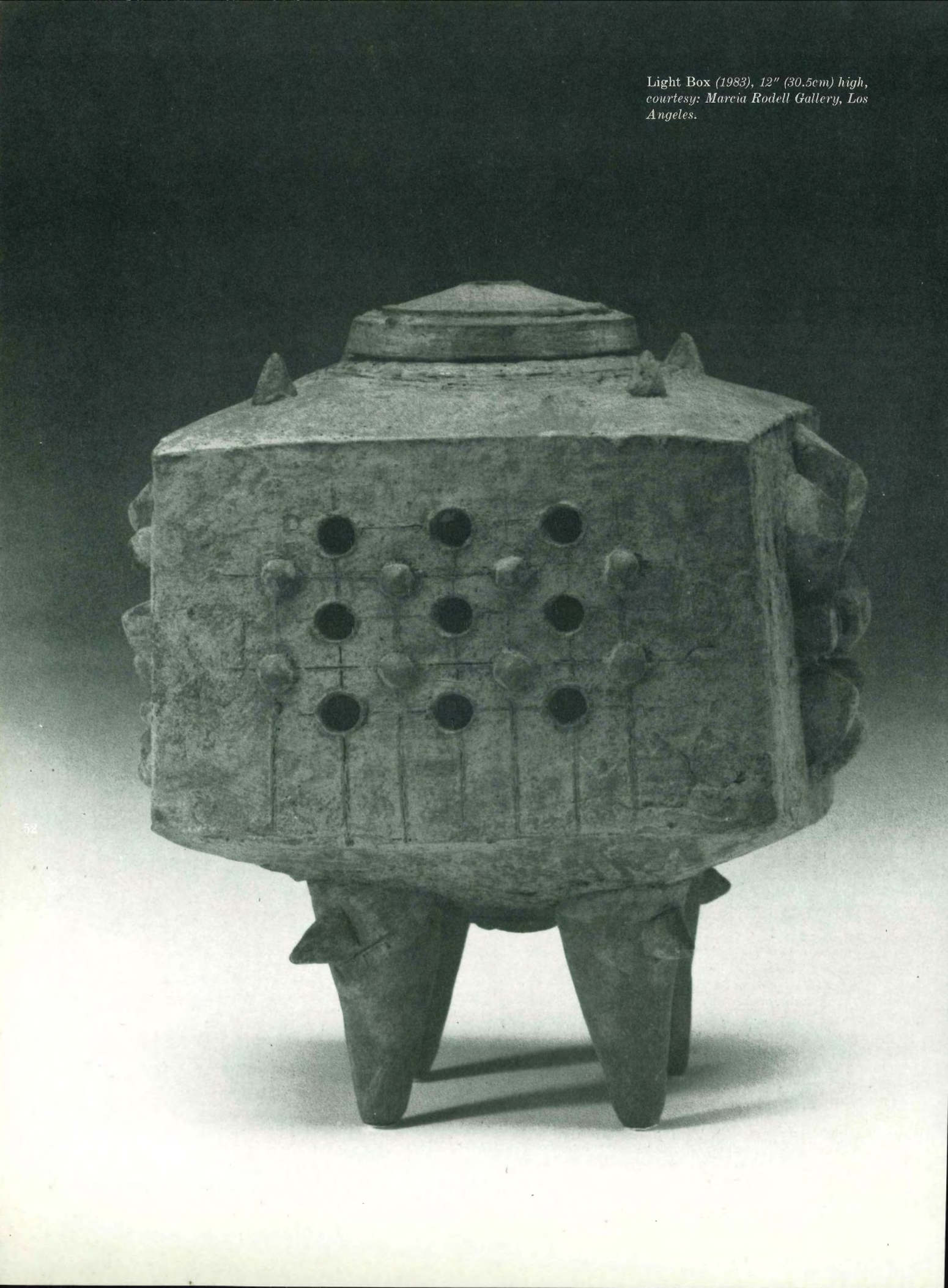
It was the concept of design that really intrigued me. The whole idea of form and function, of the utilitarian or useful object, was new to me. As a sculptor, I was working with abstract forms. Studying modern art, I really was an abstractionist, and I believed in it almost as a religion. Yet when I got around to studying pottery, I put pottery in one compartment, sculpture in another. I though of pottery more as design than as art. I wanted the pots to be straight pots—straight, simple, functional forms. This had to do some with the ideals and precepts of the design field. Form follows function, you see, and the elegance of the true form...nothing in excess. This was part of what we thought of as good design. I think I simply accepted the pottery teachings of Alfred at that time, I got started with the vessel. It wasn't until I really abandoned sculpture that I began to bring sculpture into pottery, to bring the two things together in my own work. And this was not really until very recently.

I began to put the two things together into one kind of expression, began to think of pottery as a work of art based on utility. I don't think there's any necessary dichotomy between utility and beauty. For the life of me, I can't understand how it is that this argument ever developed, because it seems to me that utility, causality, function, and necessity are ingredients of an aesthetic attitude. Jean Piaget describes these concepts as crucial to developing the "knowledge structures of the mind," as fundamental to all thought processes. It's part of our sense of universal law. That kind of knowledge structure is also part of an aesthetic structure. I want to make a useful, utilitarian object which is also beautiful. The fact is, I *want* the object to be useful, and I want that to be part of its aesthetic.

I'm convinced that art is a matter of making thoughts and feelings real, of "reifying" something that is just an internal buzzing, that won't exist except as you put it into some real stuff. It's the business of creating a "beingness"—a presence of some sort. I work with clay and with forms until I can feel a kind of presence there. I get hooked on this, I think most creative people

Bottle Vase *(1958), 12" (30.5cm) high. Photo: Stephen S. Myers.*





Light Box *(1983), 12" (30.5cm) high, courtesy: Marcia Rodell Gallery, Los Angeles.*

do, and that's one of the things that you work for—this sense of presence in what you've done. In doing that, I tend to just let the clay alone as much as possible, to handle it as little as possible, let it be itself, in other words.

Having found that presence, it's really the pursuit of form that pulls me into it. It doesn't really matter to me whether I'm making a useful object or a piece of sculpture, form is the main thing with me. It's not a question of ritual, it's not a question of meaning, it's not a question of any historical reference—it's really form in a generalized sense that I'm after. I work until I can kind of hear the form, believe it or not. I get alot from music—I love all music but especially the Baroque and Bach. J.S.B. is my hero. It's not an unreasonable connection to me, because we talk about linear music, musical line, musical color. Music is a thing of period and time, it moves through time. While a pottery form seems to be a stationary object, it does have its own time key. That is, you move around it, and as you move around it, this experience of one side is carried over to when you see the other side. As you see this third or fourth side. you have the memory of the first in mind, and so there's a kind of counterpoint, or an accrual of visual experience that goes with a three-dimensional object.

The very idea of theme and variation is something that attracts me very much. It's one of the reasons I make four- and six-sided objects. It gives me a chance to put down a theme, and then three more variations on it, or to explore the sonata form or the quartet. I have various orderly systems in my head and they come out, continually, over and over again; they even repeat themselves as they come out. It's kind of a musical structure, really.

I don't want to control it too much; I want the clay to speak with its own voice, as it were. But at the same time I like my control, I like my ordered system. I want the two to play, the one against the other. You'll find that in most of the forms. I'm very careful to leave the inner edges in place; they're very clearly defined. I like that. But at the same time, I want this to be just as loose a surface as possible, sort of claylike. It's the opposition of those two that intrigues me. I like the idea that clay leaves tracks and that there's a record of everything that's been done to it. It tells you how it came into being, the pottery form does. I like to rather exaggerate that aspect of it, so that for all the processes, all my ways of working, there's a record. That's one of the things that leads me to the lines drawn on the surface; they are ways of defining forms, and also of leaving a record of the way a design idea has developed.

In the past, I always kept trying to make a pot that no one had ever seen before; I was still working within the vessel tradition, simply trying to make new kinds of pottery forms. Now, I'm no longer so much concerned with what is new, because it seems to me that all meaning is backward looking. While you can look at that road stretching out in front of you and see where you're going to go, and you know where you are at the present moment, it's through the rear-view mirror, really, that you can begin to understand this present experience. So if there's any kind of meaning that you find in anything, you find it in virture of the relationship between this present moment and something in the past. Meaning is between the present and the past. I think the New York School was one of the greatest moments to have occurred in all history. And that was a gradual development of new things out of old things. But I think in recent times we've gotten to the point where the avant-garde has begun to self-destruct. We place such enormous importance on newness that we've gotten to a point where a thing is only good if it is new. But when everything is new, nothing is. I think you have to look at what is meant by the term "avant-garde." When it begins to name an ideology or a dogma or a philosophical position, then I think it gets bad. But when avant-garde means change and a revitalization of things, then I think it's good. It's good when it simply refurbishes old ideas and gives them a new vitality. We need our connections to the past, because that's where the meaning is—it's in this rear-view mirror.

I think meaning has a way of accruing from the past. One of the things that's great about pottery is that it's so rich and so old in tradition. I want those accrued meanings in my work. I want what I do to be new, not an imitation of what is old, but I want there to be a definite connection between this present pot that I make and all the other pots that have preceded it, and from which it accrues meaning.

Malraux described art as "anti-destiny"; he said that what the artist is really trying to do is stop time, make time stand still. Sculpture is simply a way of finding something that is a stillness of time. You have this endless, restless buzzing inside and you want to make it hold still, so you put it into clay, to capture it and hang on to it. The energy that you put in forms resides there—holding the thoughts and feelings you put into it and preserving it forevermore.

At the present, I'm not really interested in trying to find new things to do. I'm quite conscious now of trying to stay within one given style; I want to perfect this and develop it as a style, something which is me. I want to see it mature and become richer, more eloquent, more worthy. I want to continue the pursuit of form. Ted Randall's ceramics were most recently exhibited at Elements Gallery, New York. He is currently preparing for two shows this fall, at Private Collections, Cincinnati, and Louis Newman, Los Angeles, as well as a spring exhibition at Brentwood Gallery, St. Louis.

Ted Randall's ceramics were most recently exhibited at Elements Gallery, New York. He is currently preparing for two shows this fall, at Private Collections, Cincinnati, and Louis Newman, Los Angeles, as well as a spring exhibition at Brentwood Gallery, St. Louis. The artist was interviewed by Susan Wechsler in Alfred, New York, on June 28, 1983. The author, a frequent contributor to American Ceramics, *also teaches ceramic history at Parsons School of Design, New York.*

Bowl *(1981), 23" (58.4cm) diameter, courtesy: The Elements Gallery, New York.*

Abstraction *(1948), 42" (106.7cm), rosewood.*

Ovoid (1982), 24 x 23" (60.9 x 58.4cm), courtesy: Marcia Rodell Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo: Stephen S. Myers.

Head of an Old Man *(1928), bronze. Photo: Stephen S. Myers.*

Quartet *(1968), 48" (122cm) high. Photo: Stephen S. Myers.*

Exhibitions

Escape Arc #1 *(1982) by Bill Abright, 16 x 13 x 4" (40.6 x 33 x 10.1cm), photo: Lee Hocker.*

Spark Plug *(1983) by Bill Abright, 15 x 10 x 6" (38.1 x 25.4 x 15.2cm), photo: M. Lee Fatherree.*

Bill Abright

by Mark Levy

Bill Abright's recent headshaped webs of brilliantly colored and oddly shaped ceramic fragments are virtuoso exercises in the technique of assemblage. They are also redolent, in a highly metaphorical way, of the artist's personal experiences.

"Vitality of expression is of prime importance to me," says Abright. Often the products of claywork—scraps, shards, and trimmings—have a unique spontaneity and life about them. Abright collects the clay detritus of his studio, airbrushes or silkscreens them with underglaze colors, and then subjects them to a raku firing. Playing with these pieces until he finds a visual combination that more or less mimics a facial sequence, Abright then glues them together with epoxy. "In this way," he argues, "I can minimize the problems of weight, structure, and handling inherent in firing large complex forms." In short, Abright's method gives him a high level of control in the final stages of construction while allowing the fragments to retain vestiges of their past history and his own manipulations. As a graduate student in ceramics at San Francisco State University (1973–74), Abright fabricated biomorphic, asymmetrical vessels in a variety of glazes and stenciled designs. By 1977, however, he began slicing sections out of the vessels without disturbing the integrity of the inner volume or the softness of the basic shape. In fact, the interplay between inner and outer volumes is an important element in this work. Abright emphasized this dynamic interplay by placing "visual pathways"—ceramic sticks—in the vessels, leading the viewer from outside to inside. In the sculptures of 1979 to 1981, most of the vessel has been cut away; all that remains is a simply decorated shallow plate containing an abstract configuration of singed-looking sticks and shards. While the earlier work has a vague Japanese presence in the choice of glazes, shapes, and patterns, these sculptures suggest the burnt offerings of an archaic Indian ritual.

Japanese or Indian references are less specific in the work of the following year, when Abright began to elaborate a unique style of ceramic sculpture. *Escape Arc I*, for example, is composed of an irregular stick base, a jagged semicircular tube resting on the base, two sticks inserted in the tube, and stenciled shards held in an apparently precarious fashion between the sticks. These fragments are abruptly truncated to suggest that they once contributed to a larger whole: the semicircle seems part of the larger circle; the shards and sticks seem part of a complex internal infrastructure. Thus the piece stands as the enigmatic ruin of an object that can only be dimly sensed. I cannot recall an example in ceramic art where the trope of synecdoche is used so effectively to pique the viewer's imagination. Abright's *Escape Arc I* is an escape from the metaphorical and formal implications of closure. At the same time, the sculpture offers a rich visual interplay between symmetrical and asymmetrical placements, smooth and rough edges, inner and outer volumes, as well as differing textures, colors, decals, and shapes.

Similar contrasts are evident in the heads of the last year and a half. But now the fragments are suspended on a scaffolding of sticks to indicate the contours and features of a head. Each fragment, in turn, engenders further associations. Embossed on one fragment of *Outside/Inside* is CZECHOSLOV, while another slab is stenciled with intertwining cartoon characters. *Self-Portrait* bears an impression of a baby's foot and an assortment of sticks that fairly resemble a hammer and sickle. These fragments, with their evocations of political concerns and family life, can be seen to represent thoughts. And like thoughts, they seem fragile, disjointed in space and time, on the verge of collapse or metamorphosis. Given the nature of these fragments, the head is a highly appropriate armature. It is also familiar, so much so that the viewer is continually measuring the fragments against the contours of known anatomy. Not only are Abright's heads active in the way the fragments hover and shift in space, but in the way the heads must be visually completed by the viewer.

For me, Bill Abright's current sculpture recalls the paintings of Archimboldo, the fifteenth-century Italian artist whose heads are a mosaic of representational vignettes based on a unifying theme, such as a season, books, or foodstuffs. Although Abright's mosaic fragments are largely abstract and his unities mostly formal, his works have the vitality and inventiveness of the earlier master.

Bill Abright's ceramic sculpture was exhibited at Bruce Velick Gallery, San Francisco.

Mark Levy teaches art history at California State University, Hayward, and is also a free-lance art critic in the Bay Area.

Scott Chamberlin

by Wendy Dubin

Scott Chamberlin's recent clay works offer us witty, visual manifestations of the vessel maker's dilemma. At a time when clay artists are hard-pressed to label themselves or their work, and when those who write about clay are trying to develop an accessible vocabulary, Chamberlin's pieces are timely and humorous expressions of the artistic and critical struggles for definition in the field of ceramics. Each piece is a vertical amalgam of pottery forms stacked one atop the other—an inventive and poignant totem pole of ceramic history.

Simultaneously condescending and concerned, Chamberlin's allusions to previous ceramic vessels include examples of shape, surface texture, and color as filtered through his own aesthetic sensibility: high-shouldered, narrow-based forms bring to mind eighteenth-century French urns and presentation pieces; squat jar forms resemble *ollas*, the wide-mouthed, round pots of Spain and the Americas; ringed beehive portions conjure up primitive coiled wares; while scraped and pitted surfaces of other sections resemble coarsely tempered peasant pottery. A brilliant turquoise glaze transforms a globular section into an oversized Mexican donkey bead, as the smooth apple green of another suggests a K'ang Hsi jar. Large juicy dribbles of glaze dabbed onto coiled areas recall the runny splotches of Whieldon "tortoise" ware, which in turn refer to lead-glazed Persian and Chinese pots.

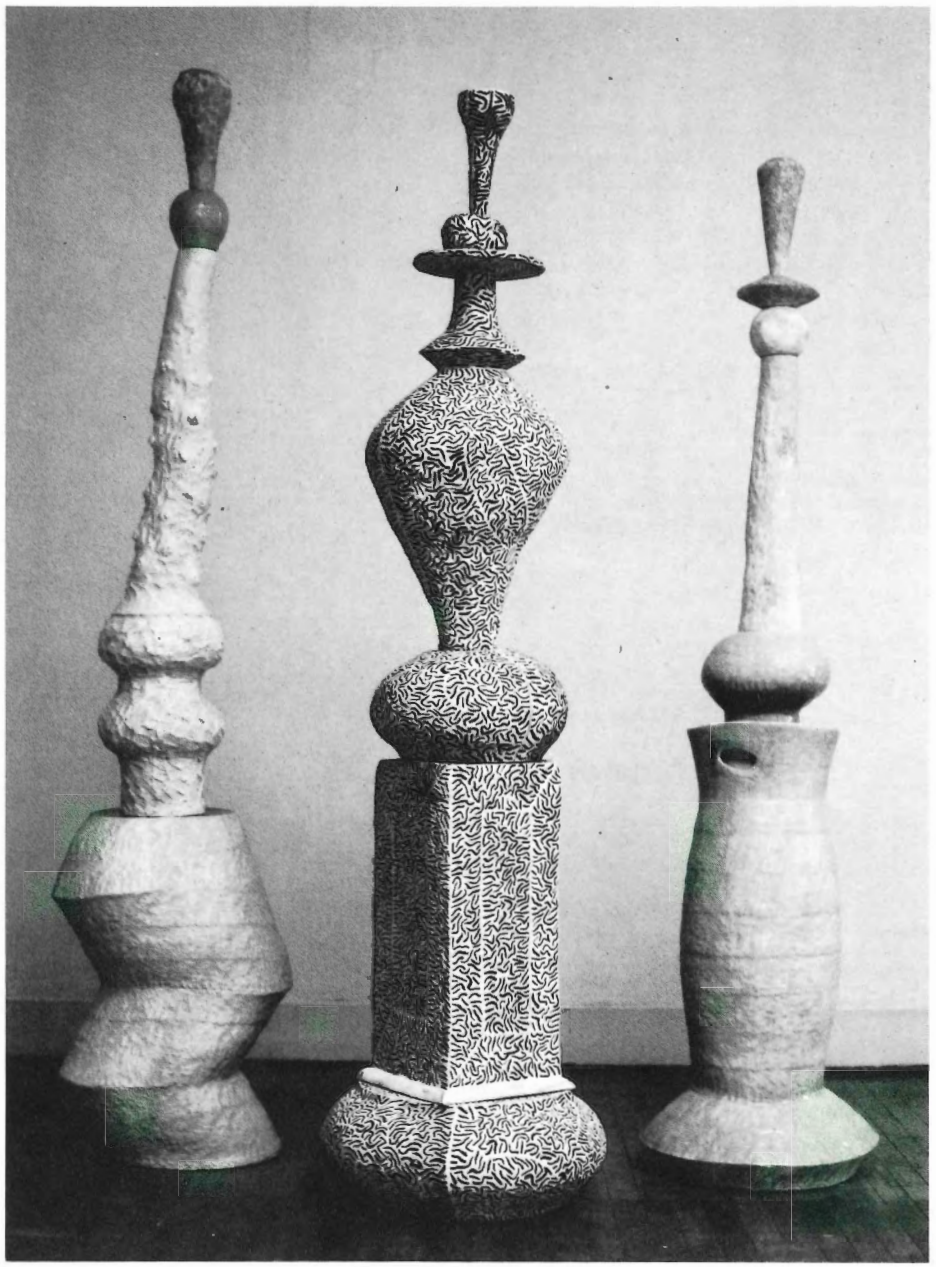
Crowning every seven-foot piece is a conical archetypal or "generic" vessel, something akin to a Cretan storage jar. In these larger-than-life-size pieces (which look a little like the tall, thin artist himself), Chamberlin seems to be questioning the relationship of contemporary to historical work, as well as the vessel's relationship to art. These are vessel totems, but not vessels themselves.

Beyond their narrative on ceramic history, these pieces exhibit a creative use of color, a diversity of surface treatments, and a rhythmic juxtaposition of forms. When one element "sits" on another, for example, the forms seem static; but when one form appears to move "through" another, a more dynamic rhythm is achieved. At their best, one segment appears to grow out of the next, heightening our perception of the piece as a gestalt, rather than as a collection of individual units. The surfaces, too, are lively. Chamberlin often applies layer upon layer of color to create depth. In some areas, the top coat appears eroded, scraped away to reveal the colors beneath as if time abraded. His color choices render these instant relics as the unmistakable offspring of a contemporary sensibility. His palette is a pastel, modern-day version of that of Sèvres, with its dominant use of green, pink, blue, turquoise, and yellow, a palette borrowed by the French, in turn, from the Chinese. As compositions of muted tertiaries, Chamberlin's colors are both lyrical and jazzy tonal harmonies, bringing to mind flavors of ice cream—pistachio, peach, and lemon sherbet, to name a few—and rows of Victorian houses. Rims and edges are pronounced by thin lines of contrasting color, perhaps an indication of where gold lustre would have been found on a gilded prototype. Typically, squiggles, dots, and dashes of paint are confined to defined areas—like funky, abstract cartouches or reserves, which at an earlier date might have contained a copy of an alluring Greuze or a fanciful Boucher painting. In these roundels, Chamberlin also manages to illustrate the current taste for decorative surface patterning in place of what previously would have been representational imagery. What was once high-brow taste here borders on kitsch. Yet these are not simply cartoon-colored, Flintstone remakes of French urns or English pedestal vases. And while it seems Chamberlin has been looking at a lot of old pots, especially from Sevres, he recreates them in a simultaneous exultation and poking fun at the vessel as art. This is most evident in the humorous, quasi-crudeness of his pieces. The hand is visible on every surface and in every shape. The askew posture of the stacked elements and the somewhat symmetrical overall arrangement of the whole adds a sense of wit and underlines the human quality of each.

Chamberlin's pieces are like exaggerated home-made versions of the meticulous production wares that serve as his models. In this way, he reminds us of the fastidious technical virtuosity with which the originals were made and points out the continual fascination technique holds for contemporary ceramists. In so doing, he overpowers his own self-conscious finger-pointing and poses sincere questions about the way in which we assess pots and assign them artistic value.

Ceramics by Scott Chamberlin were the subject of two recent solo exhibitions, at Meyer Breier Weiss, (now Dorothy Weiss Gallery) San Francisco, and at Hadler/Rodriguez Galleries, New York.

Wendy Dubin is a potter living in New York.



Untitled *(1983) by Scott Chamberlin, maximum height: 7 feet (213cm), courtesy: Hadler/Rodriguez Galleries, New York, photo: Brian Oglesbee.*

Untitled *(1983) by Jane Gustin, 21 x 30" (53.3 x 76.2cm), terra cotta with majolica glaze, photo: S. Baker Vail.*

Persian Turquoise *(1983) by Jane Gustin, 21 x 30" (53.3 x 76.2cm), terra cotta, photo: S. Baker Vail*

Jane Gustin

by Ellen Priest

Jane Gustin's turquoise platters are show-stoppers. Contrasts between black, blue, white, and deep Mediterranean turquoise are nervy and precise. The glaze looks several inches thick, as if one could sink a hand into the buttery, rich blue inside. And the honed simplicity of Gustin's painted images carries the impact of experienced, abstract gesture-painting.

Vitality comes in part from a dialogue set up between the work's physical characteristics—part of the world of real space—and the illusionistic space offered by the painted image on its surface. Although both continually remain within the viewer's awareness, it is visually impossible to focus simultaneously on both kinds of space. So the eye moves back and forth, the image alternately sinking deep into the encircled picture-world and flattening onto the platter's surface again.

The platters themselves are thick terra-cotta slabs, roughly eliptical in shape, with hefty, abrupt edges. Their weight and concavity support the visual weight and depth of the images and drop the picture plane back slightly. Light playing across a surface reveals cracks, scratches, areas of relatively greater matte- or glossiness, the edges of alternating coats of black and white slip making lines where the artist has cut through. Physically, the platters feel rough, craggy in spots, even monumental.

Shiny, alkaline turquoise covers the surface in varying thicknesses, unifying it and creating the "window" through which the painted images are seen. Saturated ultramarine, midnight-dense black, white acting here as a pale aqua, and the Mediterranean turquoise itself—purposefully reminiscent of Egyptian paste—each vie to recede and advance the most. In a piece with wide vertical bars of black, the black is in front, pushing the aqua white slightly behind and the blues far back. In another with a circular blue band in the center third of the plate, aqua-white smears inside it are lifted out in front by the strong contrast. In a third—a prickly spiraling piece exhibited in Gustin's Greenwich House show—black and aqua white bristle in and out close to the surface, sometimes lifting the turquoise in front, sometimes letting it submerge. As in all of her work, Gustin's colors here are energetic, assertive. Unlike the more brittle, translucent hues of her majolica pieces, however, these colors are buttery, gellike—color "thicknesses," rather than planes or lines. The images themselves are simple: a spiral with a zig-zagging shadow, wide lightning bolts, irregular vertical bars set like a gate on a horizontal field. Executed in broad, single strokes of one slip over another, Gustin's paintings are clear and potent, full of vitality and encouragement. Their liability lies in their very strength: if the gesture wavers, if her brushstrokes lack nuance or force, Gustin loses the image entirely. This is gutsy work, because gesture is all, because there is nothing else in the image on which to fall back.

The majolica platters exhibited with the turquoise pieces varied in quality. A lightning-bolt piece was outrageous and beautiful; another with a spiral lacked convincing color and gesture. Two reasons were apparent: first, Gustin's majolica pieces from a year ago were tighter and stronger, the turquoise platters neither as well developed nor as plentiful. An artist's work is always best in the area of his/her current most compelling interest; Gustin's heart seemed to be in the turquoise/blue combinations at this point. Also importantly, however, the gallery lighting, wall color, arrangement of the show, and the choice of work by another potter to be paired with Gustin's badly weakened the impact of the majolica in her show at Hadler/Rodriguez Gallery. Its colors and white background were washed out and grayed in a way that the turquoise, black, white, and blue contrasts simply could not be.

The greatest strength of Gustin's art is its "attitude"—hopeful, enlivening, unabashedly "up." She delights in making beautiful pieces, out of vogue though that sometimes seems, and has painstakingly developed the technical and visual skill with which to do that. In her best pieces, nothing is omitted from the ebullient surfaces. Yet nothing is unessential. The glaze and terra-cotta slab are one unique form on the border between painting and sculpture. Color is dynamic and saturated, but the palette is carefully limited. The images are potent, primordial, historically suggestive, clean.

Clearly we can look forward to consistently tougher and more disarmingly simple work from Jane Gustin in the future.

Jane Gustin's ceramics were exhibited at Greenwich House Pottery, New York, and at Hadler/Rodriguez Galleries, New York.

Ellen Priest, a former potter, is a painter and free-lance art critic living in New Haven, Connecticut.

Juta Savage

by Joanne Burstein

In the 1960s, Juta Savage adapted the joyful color of Funk ceramics to high-fire porcelain. Over the years, she has combined casually thrown forms, one-of-a-kind cups, plates, and teapots, with intricately patterned surface texture and bright decorative color. In a recent show at Meyer Breier Weiss, she continued to offer usable ceramics—a range of sophisticated, painted platters—but the main body of work was a series of mixed-media constructions built from the shards of past years' functional pottery.

The sculptural work is a direction just hinted at two years ago, in an installation Savage did for the same gallery. She created an odd, lopsided, painted table to exhibit her dinnerware, which put one in the mind of the Mad Hatter's tea party. This led to the chance to do a large installation for the Oakland Museum, *Life (Still My Life)*, incorporating a life-size table, wall, and door. The current works continue her exploration of personally symbolic imagery in the domestic environment.

The largest of these, *Parthenon*, is wall, house, temple. It offers the symbol of shelter, but not the substance; there is no entry to this edifice. The pediment bears a frieze of colorful shards, as rich and inviting to the eye as a floral bouquet. Below, the left panel open, airy painting of arcs and plate shards signifies the interior. Suggesting a kitchen viewed from above, we see the corner of a table and a linoleum floor, upon which lie scattered remains of broken plates—evidence of domestic strife? The right panel is a lattice of painted bars implying "no entry," but also offering protection. The two equally true and untrue meanings of the "house" or "temple" express a fundamental amabivalence.

In another construction, *Untitled*, the same ambivalence is evident. The partial table and chair lean against the wall for support; dangerous shards hang down beneath the table, denying the invitation to sit. On the table itself, an inviting cup and saucer indicate a more benign state, when "just a cup of coffee" was a simple fact of life's daily routine.

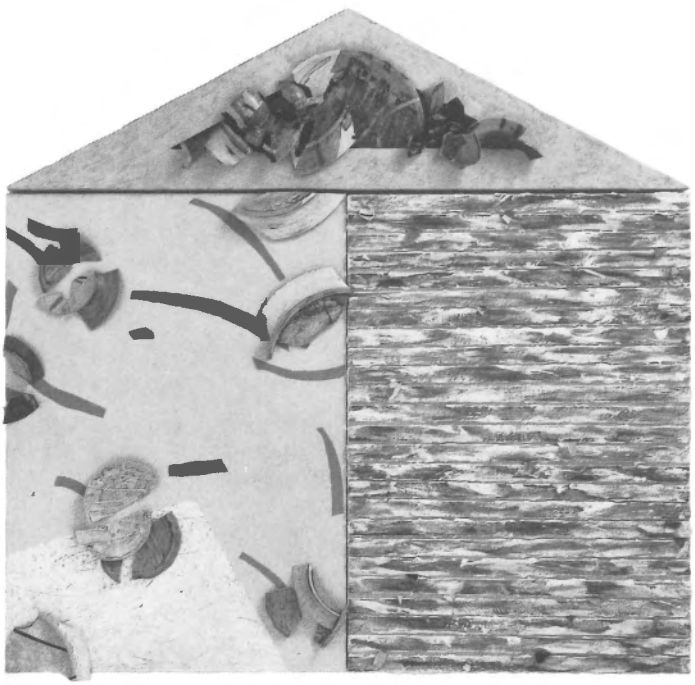
When questioned about Julian Schnabel's use of pottery shards, Savage replied that while his paintings had nothing specifically to do with the meaning of the broken plate, they did make her realize her own associations to it. As a ceramist, she felt exhileration at the resurrection of work previously discarded. The freedom to concentrate on the beauty of the fragmented form and the rich patterning, isolated from any functional consideration, has opened up a fertile area for artistic and psychic exploration.

Her recent platters demonstrate Savage's evolving interest in painterly issues. She plays the spontaneous brushstroke against the hard-edge shape: the trapezoid, the oval, and the cross. Patterns of dots and other marks are arrayed on the surface against the textural quality of brushed-on slip. As painted compositions, these platters contrapose color and texture, gestural brushstroke and predetermined shape, while their functional regularity is violated and enlivened by the asymmetrical variations in form, making the experience of use or observation an adventure.

In a way, this exhibit is a summing up of the artist's interests. The platters state Savage's continued commitment to the decorative possibilities for functional ware, while the constructions give those individual decorative solutions a collective environment for their appreciation. The use of shards, which reminds us that all ceramics are vulnerable—likely to shatter, if never decompose—perhaps expresses the potter's ambivalence toward the longevity of her contribution. Such is the reality of shards.

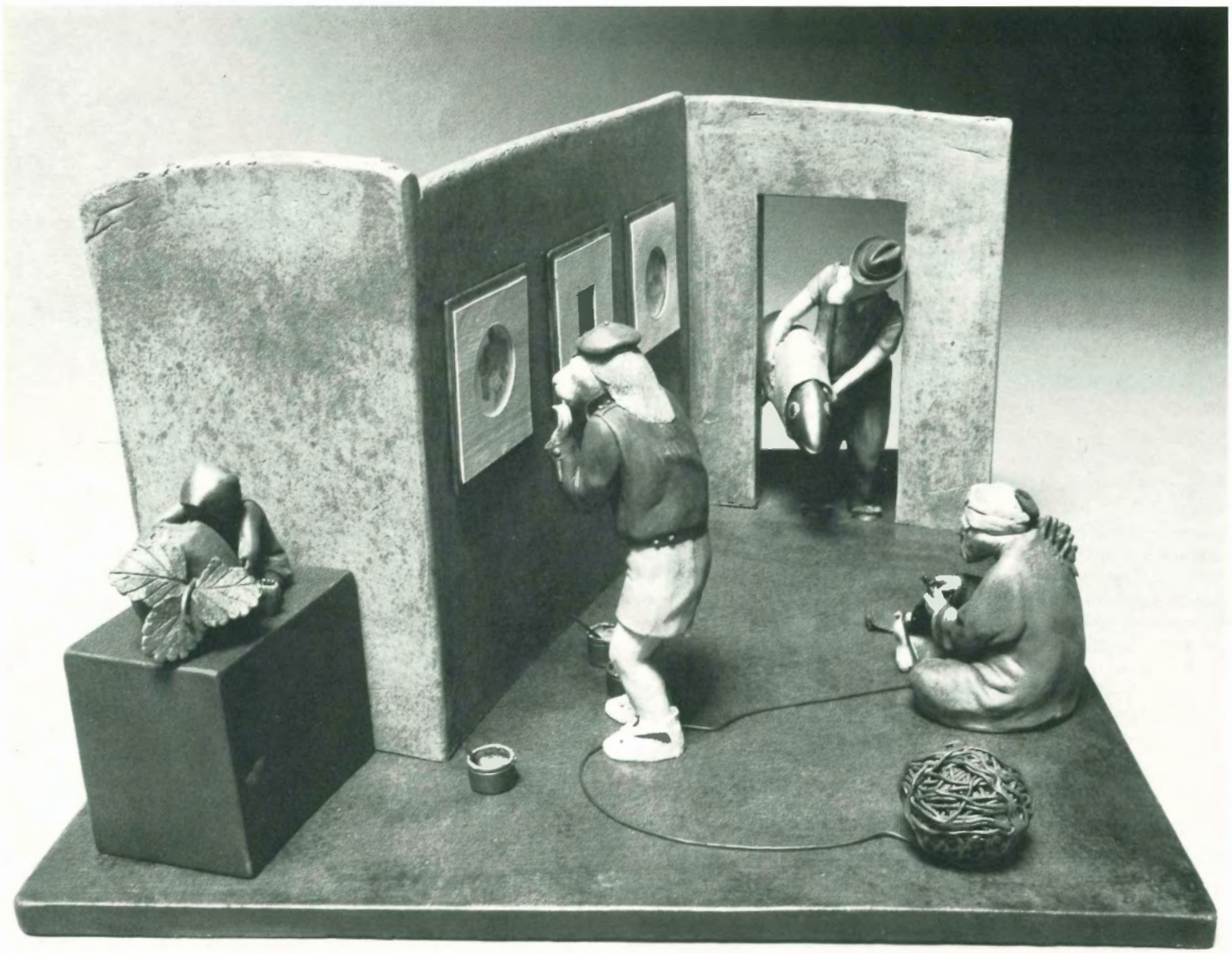
The recent work of Juta Savage was shown at Meyer Breier Weiss, (now Dorothy Weiss Gallery) San Francisco.

Joanne Burstein, a frequent contributor to American Ceramics *and* Artweek, *lives in the Bay Area.*



Parthenon 1983 *(1983), 66 x 68 x 4" (167.6 x 172.7 x 10.2cm), porcelain, pottery, wood, acrylic, photo: Ben Blackwell.*

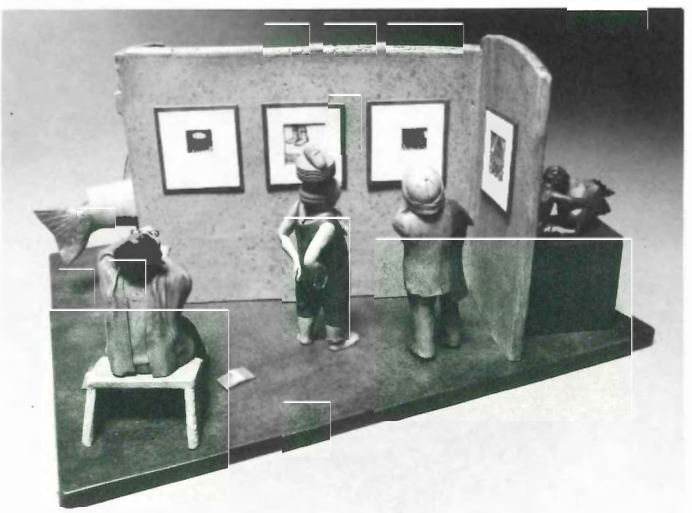
Untitled *(1983) by Juta Savage, 38 x 36 x 26" (96.5 x 91.4 x 66cm), porcelain, wood, acrylics, photo: Charles Frizzell.*



Museum Located in the Lunatic Fringe District *(1983) by Melissa Zink, 19 1/2 x 17 x 10 1/2" (49.5 x 43.2 x 26.7cm), painted earthenware.*

Melissa Zink

by Susan Zwinger



Melissa Zink uses clay not as clay but as illusion, a masterful mimicry of other materials, gestures, rituals, architecture, and even entire systems of thought. In an age of paint-as-paint and clay-as-clay, in which ceramic artists allow texture to appear through rips, holes, or raw surfaces, Zink forges ahead in her own extended allegories. By doing so, she extends the boundaries of the medium.

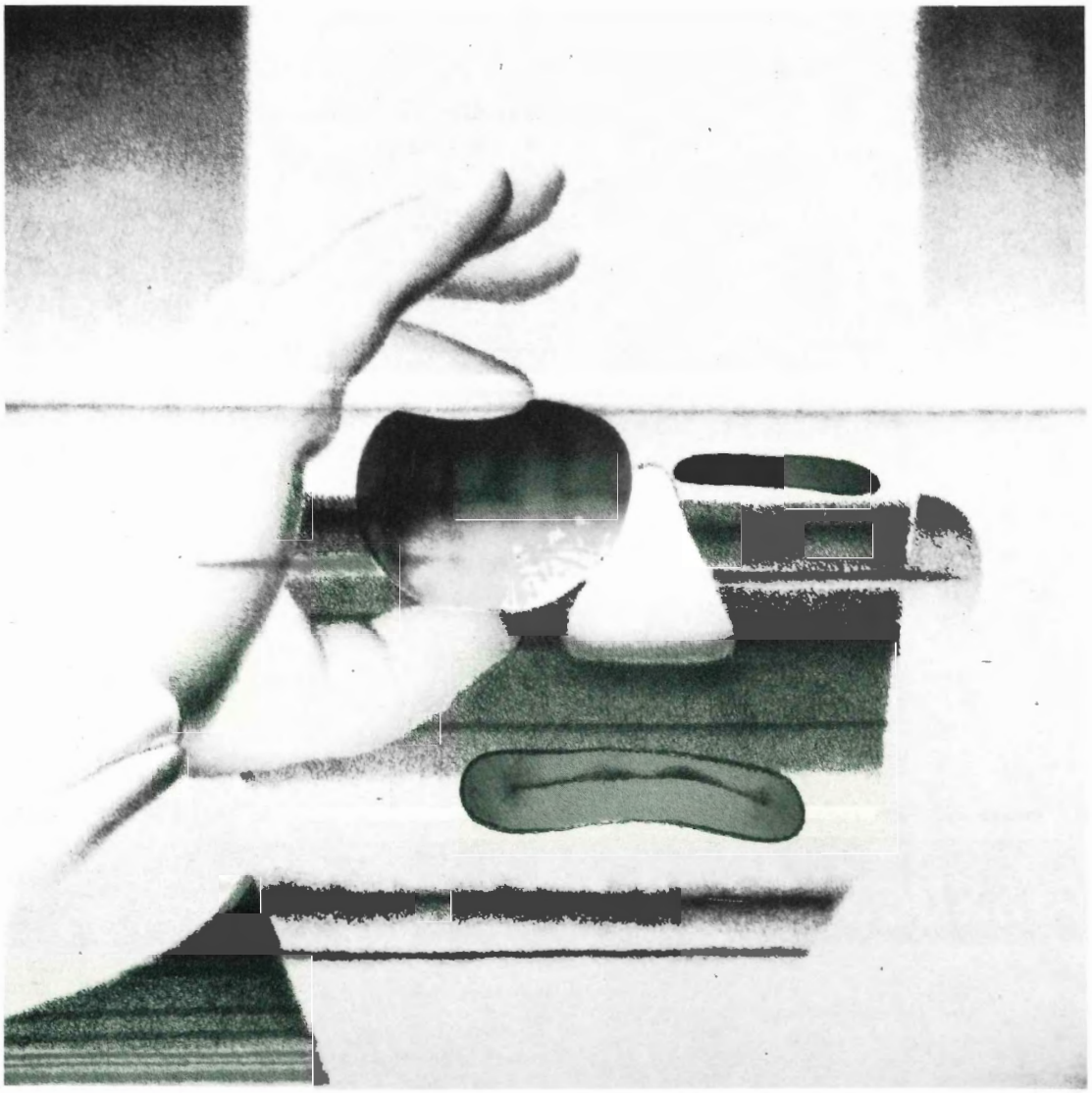
The twelve pieces in this particular exhibit participate in an extended metaphor in which the protagonist, Water Dog, explores her spirituality in something akin to the Zen Ox cycle: one searches for the ox (enlightenment) while actually riding it, finds the ox, retreats from the world to study it, and then returns to teach others. In the first piece in the cycle, *Water Dog Was Late for the Scribing of the Mystic Garden*, an eight-inch-tall, fully dressed character reluctantly drags pails of water while other characters are actively scribing, planting sacred seeds, and carrying out other ceremonial functions.

Within the Sacred Garden is an egg whose metallic surface is convincingly real. The egg opens and eight presents appear, each wrapped and topped with something delightful—a nest, a toad, a gold cord. They suggest the type of theology Zink would have in this world: On two upward palms are roses, not bloody holes; ceremonies celebrate joy rather than suffering. As one idea is expanded in a larger piece, so, too, does Zink explore the uncharted territory of the collective unconscious. Once a character has emerged, she drifts with it through dream, hypnosis, and stream-of-consciousness writing. The resultant "sacred" imagery parallels established theologies or mythologies, much in the way Lèvi-Strauss describes the structure of the human mind through studying the universality of myth.

In the final scene of this series, we see Water Dog in her isolated tower, staring out into infinity, head on hand. On the back of the tower are many eyeless masks, with the apparent anonymity of Jasper Johns' earlier target masks, yet with sanguine intensity that suggests universal knowledge. On the wall are her leather-bound books, one of which, of course, is a journal. (Zink later blows this book shelf up into a full-size piece.) On the stairs in the hall, a pair of muddy boots slop over to one side, a persuasively real detail of carelessness. Indeed, the gestures of her eight-inch animals are so convincing, one expects their motions of hand or foot to follow through. She reveals in three dimensions human foibles with the astuteness of a Daumier or a Goya. And so throughout this cycle of works, we move with Water Dog in her nebulous search, forgetting she is merely of and about clay. Through her powerful allegorical talent, Zink manages to tap our collective psyches with such power, we forget our own clay feet.

Ceramics by Melissa Zink were exhibited at Elaine Horwitch Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Susan Zwinger is an artist and a writer for Artlines, Artspace, Artweek, Craft Range, *and the* Santa Fe Reporter.



The Chicago International Art Exposition is pleased to announce that videotapes of the 1984 Seminars, sponsored by Art in America, are now available.

Each tape documents a lively discussion of current issues by several prominent and knowledgeable panelists in the contemporary art world. Available on VHS or Beta formats, each tape containing a single topic, 60 minutes in length, is $90. Add $5 for shipping and handling, Illinois residents add $7.20 tax.

Friday, May 11
"Public Sculpture: Content and Form" 1:00 pm
Max Hutchinson
Lewis Manilow
James Surls
Peter Voulkos
Franz Schulze/Moderator

Saturday, May 12
"Nationalism and Regionalism in the '80s" 1:00 pm
Dennis Adrian
Brooke Alexander
Henry Hopkins
James McGarrell
Franz Schulze/Moderator
"A Press Interview With A German Dealer" 3:00 pm
Lucia Adams
Willi Bongard
Ernst Busche
Rudolf Zwirner
Franz Schulze/Moderator

Sunday, May 13
"The 21st Century is 16 Years Away"
"What Became of the Avant-Garde?" 1:00 pm
Amy Baker Sandback
Max Bill
Allan Frumkin
Franz Schulze/Moderator
"Changing Roles: Artist and Dealer, Critic and Media, Curator and Educator, Public and Government" 3:00 pm
Willi Bongard
Richard Feigen
Mary Jane Jacob
Gabriel P. Weisberg
Buzz Spector
Franz Schulze/Moderator

1984 Poster and Lithograph

This specially commissioned poster representing Chicago International Art Exposition 1984 is by the internationally known Chicago based artist, Ed Paschke. The multi-colored lithograph was created exclusively for the Exposition in cooperation with the Phyllis Kind Gallery.

The five color poster, a limited edition of 1,500 is printed on Arches 100% rag paper by Black Box Collotype Continuous Tone Printers, Chicago, with the Exposition Title, and is signed in the plate by the artist, 39″×27½″. Price is $30, add $5 for postage and handling, Illinois residents add $2.40 tax per poster.

The five color lithograph, without the Exposition title, is in a limited edition of 100, with 10 artist's proofs. It is printed on Arches paper by Four Brothers Press, Chicago, signed and numbered by the artist and is 31¼″×29⅝″. Price is $850, add $5 for postage and handling, Illinois residents add $68 tax per lithograph.

1984 Catalogue

The CIAE 1984 Catalogue, 416 p.p., 450 illustrations and extensive listing of artists represented in the Exposition. $10. per catalogue Add $3 for shipping and handling, Illinois residents add $.80 tax.

Chicago
International
Art
Exposition

Chicago International Art Exposition
600 North McClurg Court
Chicago, Illinois 60611 USA
Telephone 312.787.6858
A Project of the Lakeside Group

Announcing the opening of the *(formerly the Martha Schneider Gallery)*

SCHNEIDER-EMESON GALLERY, INC.

2055 GREEN BAY ROAD
HIGHLAND PARK, IL 60035
312 433 4420

Tuesday–Saturday: 10am–4pm

American Artists

Elaine Alt
Stanley Andersen
Curtis & Suzan Benzle
Karl Borgeson
Sandra Byers
Elaine & Tom Coleman
David Crane
William Farrell
John Glick
Dorothy Hafner
Curtis Hoard
Warren MacKenzie
David Nelson
Charles Olson
Ted Randall
Byron Temple
Tom Turner
Linda Shusterman
Allan Willoughby
Walter Zurko

British Artists

Betty Blandino
Deirdre Burnett
Dorothy Feibelman
Walter Keeler
David Leach
Ursula Morley-Price
Mary Rogers
Geoffrey Swindell
Angela Verdon

Back Issues Available

Long after other magazines have been discarded and forgotten, *American Ceramics* will remain on your bookshelf. Now is the time to order back issues you missed, while a limited number of copies are still available (except 1/1, our premiere issue, which is out of print). Complete your library of the art quarterly that documents the history of ontemporary ceramics.

Each copy is $7 postpaid. (In Canada, add $1.25 per copy. Outside Canada and US, add $5 per copy. Foreign payments must be in US currency payable on a bank in New York City.) Allow 4–6 weeks for delivery. Send your check or money order to: American Ceramics, 15 West 44 Street, New York, NY 10036.

1/2
The Tripod Vessels of Rick Hirsch *by Susan Wechsler* On Taking Risks: The Decline of the Avant-Garde *by Tony Hepburn* Mocking the Strongman Image: The Vessels of Christopher Gustin *by Sarah Bodine* Boobies, Boojums, and Snarks: The Victorian Visions of the Martin Brothers *by Diana L. Johnson* Jugology: The Neurological Origins of Wheel-Thrown Pottery *by Jack Troy* The Fruitful Mysteries of Graham Marks *by Michael McTwigan* Glen Lukens: Pioneer of the Vessel Aesthetic *by Elaine Levin*

1/3
Toby Buonogurio *by Thomas Piché* Val Cushing *by Sarah Bodine and Edward Lebow* What You Didn't See at the Whitney *by Joanne Burstein* A Way of Seeing *by Mark Anderson* Raymon Elozua *by Susan Wechsler* Clay Roots & Routes *by Dale Ruff* Critical Dimensions: How Shall We Judge *by Louise Klemperer* The Searching Flame: Charles Fergus Binns *by Susan R. Strong*

1/4
Philip Cornelius: The Container Continuum *by Joanne Burstein* A Warning to Readers *by Edward Lebow* Adrian Saxe: an Interview *by Garth Clark* Harvey Goldman *by Susan Montgomery* Paul Soldner *by Michael G. Rubin* The Early Literature of Ceramics *by Ruth Irwin Weidner*

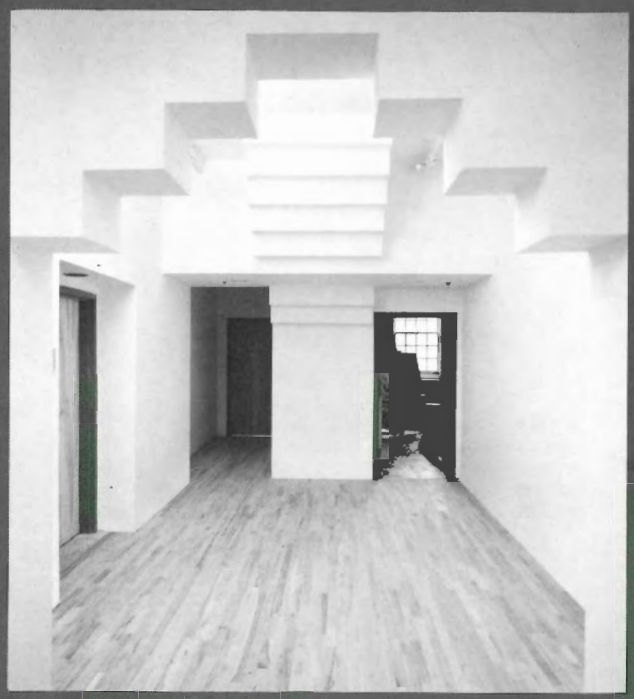
2/1
Nest of Bones: Deborah Horrell *by Louise Klemperer* In Search of a Transparent Art: John Mason *by Jeff Kelley* A Way of Seeing: Part Two *by Mark Anderson* Reconstructing with Shards *by Robert C. Morgan* The Bauer Pottery *by Joanne Burstein*

2/2
Marylyn Dintenfass *by April Kingsley* Celestial Bodies: Christina Bertoni *by Susan Wechsler* The Early Literature of China Decorating *by Ruth Irwin Weidner* Lidya Buzio: In Perspective *by Edward Lebow* Chris Unterseher *by Jeff Kelley*

2/3
Mythical Habitats: J. R. Cobb *by Robert C. Morgan* Arnold Zimmerman *by Ellen Priest* The Travels of John Roloff *by Joanne Burstein* Tablets of Earth *by Matthew Kangas* Kenneth Ferguson *by Michael G. Rubin*

2/4
Linda Kramer *by Janet Koplos* Robert McGowan *by John A. Whisler* The Ceramic Sculpture of Ron Fondaw: The Medium is the Message *by Paula Harper* From the Ground of Daily Experience *by Heather Dawkins* Texas Clay *by Janet Kutner* The Omaha Brickworks *by Lorne Falk*

3/1
Mark Burns: Saints and Sinners *by Sid Sachs* Stephen DeStaebler *by Joanne Burstein* Viola Frey *by Jeff Kelley* The Figure Emerges: American Clay Sculpture, 1925–1950, *by Barbara Perry* Patrick Siler *by Arthur Okazaki* Views on the Figure *by Susan Wechsler*



MEDIA LOFT/THE OPENING/JUNE 10, 1984

An artist owned historic building, renovated
to provide workspace for architects, artists and designers

For information contact: Marylyn Dintenfass or Judith Weber
Media Loft 50 Webster Avenue New Rochelle, New York 10801 914 235-4018

PHOTO: CAROL ANN MARTINI

22"h x 12"w x 8"d

PATRICK CRABB / LOW FIRED VESSELS
AUGUST 24 – SEPTEMBER 12

RUNNING RIDGE GALLERY

640 CANYON ROAD
SANTA FE, NM 87501
(505) 988-2515

310 E. OJAI AVENUE
OJAI, CA 93023
(805) 646-1525

FRANCINE SEDERS GALLERY

photo — Andy Kent

Carolyn Olbum
"Burnt Mesa Wall"
fired clay

September 14
through
October 7

photo — Charlie Frizzell

Mayer Shacter
"Birth of the Wizard's Magic #2"
ceramic

6701 Greenwood Ave. N. Seattle, WA 98103 206 782 0355 Tue.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5

ESTHER SAKS GALLERY

PLATTERS
and Related Forms

September 7 –
October 9, 1984

Originally exhibited at
Southern Illinois University
at Edwardsville
Curated by James
Ropiequet Schmidt

Price List Available
Inquiries Invited

DAN ANDERSON
ROBERT ARNESON
VICTOR BABU
RALPH BACERRA
BARRY BARTLETT
ROBERT BRADY &
SANDY SIMON
RICHARD BRESNAHAN
BILL BROUILLARD
PETER CALLAS
JAMES CASWELL
PAUL CHALEFF
WALTER CLEVELAND
PHILIP CORNELIUS
HARRIS DELLER
JOHN DONOGHUE
RUTH DUCKWORTH
KEN FERGUSON
ROB FORBES
VIOLA FREY
JOHN GLICK
CHRIS GUSTIN
JANE GUSTIN
CHUCK HINDES
RANDY JOHNSTON
JUN KANEKO
JAMES MAKINS
KIRK MANGUS
JOHN MASON
ROBERT McGOWAN
DENNIS MITCHELL
DENNIS R. MITCHELL
MINEO MIZUNO
JEFF OESTREICH
DON PILCHER
THOMAS POTTER
KEN PRICE
DON REITZ
HARVEY SADOW
NORM SCHULMAN
DAVID SHANER
PAT SILER
PAUL SOLDNER
ROBERT SPERRY
TOSHIKO TAKAEZU
PETER VOULKOS
STAN WELSH
KURT WEISER
BEATRICE WOOD
BETTY WOODMAN

311 W. Superior St. Chicago, Illinois 60610 312 751 0911 Gallery Hours Tuesday–Saturday 10-5

Ted Randall
September 15 to
October 13, 1984

Artist's Reception
Saturday, September 15
12:30-4:30 pm

At the Westin Hotel
21 East Fifth Street
Cincinnati, OH 45202
513 381 1667

The Private Collection

ESTHER SAKS GALLERY

July–August
Changing exhibit of gallery artists featuring French sculptor, Anne Barreś

September
Platters and Related Forms
Exhibition originated at SIUE

October
Stan Welsh
Ceramic Sculpture and Mono-types

311 West Superior Street Chicago Illinois 60610 312 751 0911

Doug Irish-Hosler
Stoneware and Porcelain
July 2–26, 1984

Shadyside Summer Arts Festival 84: Clay
Group Invitational Exhibition
July 30–August 16, 1984

Maishe Dickman & Michael Cohen
Clay
September 10–October 4, 1984

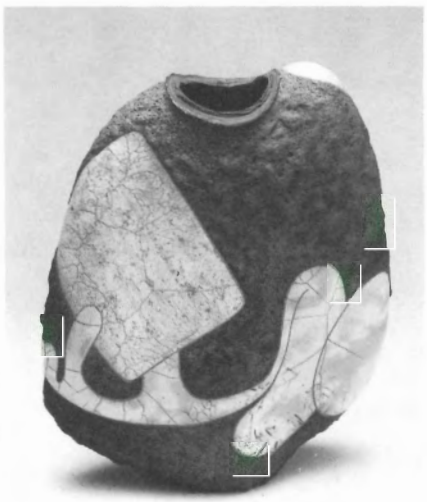
The Clay Place
5600 Walnut Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15232
412 • 441 • 3799

HARVEY SADOW

NEW WORKS JULY 13 - AUG 11

Handcrafters Gallery
227 Galisteo Street
Santa Fe, NM 87501
505/982-4880

raku



23" x 18" x 10"

MICHAEL GUSTAVSON
raku vessels & wall plaques
August 3 - August 22

RUNNING RIDGE GALLERY

640 CANYON ROAD
SANTA FE, NM 87501
(505) 988-2515

310 E. OJAI AVENUE
OJAI, CA 93023
(805) 646-1525

dawson gallery

ROCHESTER CLAY
JULY 6-AUGUST 11

Frans Wildenhain
A major contributor to
the molding of Rochester clay

STEVE MERRITT
TARRANT CLEMENTS
JACQUIE GERMANOW
MARY JANE EDWARDS
THOMAS DIMIG
MARGUERITE ANTELL
JACKIE OWENS
ELIZABETH GORDON
DOROTHY BAKER
ERV SCHROEDER

100 Alexander Street
Rochester, New York 14620
716.454.6609
Tuesday-Saturday, 11–5

Mark Kuzio
July 19–August 1

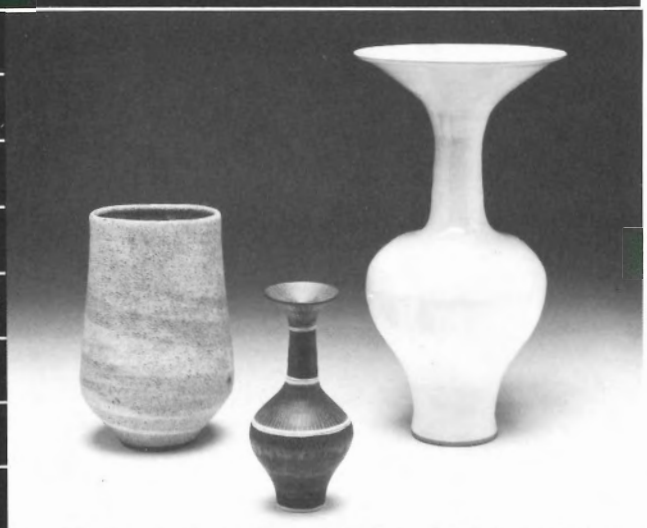
Strong Craft Gallery
Leading American Craftsmen

Bar Harbor Road
Ellsworth, Maine 04605
207 667-2595

Summer Hours
Monday–Saturday 9–9
Sunday 11–6

LUCIE RIE

New Work September 7-29



Westminster Gallery

132A Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02116

(617) 266-6704
Monday–Saturday 11–6

FALL/WINTER SCHEDULE

September 13–October 6
Lois Hennessey

October 11–November 3
David Crane

November 8–December 1
Victor Babu

December 6–January 12
"HIGHER FUNCTIONS"
Invitational Group Show

90 Hudson Streeet
New York, NY 10013
(212) 226-5910

ELEMENTS GALLERY

PARSONS

Courses for the Design Professions

For Careers in Clay, Fiber, Metal & Glass Design

Consistent with Parsons School of Design's tradition of preparing artists for professional careers, the Department of Clay, Fiber, Metal and Glass Design provides an educational format aimed at career preparation. The curriculum in each medium accommodates both the studio producer and industry-related objectives

Internship experience, critic/mentor projects and marketing/ business topics are offered in each program. Convenient day and evening courses may be taken for credit or non-credit; BFA and AAS degree programs are available.

Courses include:

CLAY
Production Techniques
Clay & Glazes
Molds & Models
Ceramic Tiles
Architectural Clay
Entering the Marketplace

FIBER
Print Pattern Production
Color & Design in Textiles
Computers in Design
Woven Fabric Design
Crochet/Knitting Design
Machine Knitting

METAL
Jewelry Production Techniques
Metal Forming
Enamel on Metal
Hand Engraving
Stone Setting
Gemology

GLASS
Glass Technology
Neon
Glassblowing
Cast Glass
Stained Glass

For more information, call Mary Ann Scheer or Carol Williams at
(212) 741-8668

Parsons School of Design
Clay, Fiber, Metal and Glass Design
2 West 13th Street
New York, NY 10011

Parsons School of Design is a division of The New School for Social Research.

Shiro Otani Anagama Residency

Oct. 1-19 and Oct. 22 - Nov. 9, 1984

Shiro Otani, master potter from Shigaraki, Japan will return to Arrowmont as artist in residence offering the opportunity to "experience" (zen context) the firing of a 15th century prototype Japanese anagama kiln. The "experience" will include working alongside the master (sensei): forming one's own work and the loading and firing of the wood burning, hillside kiln.

ARROWMONT
School of Arts and Crafts
Box 567, Gatlinburg, TN 37738 (615) 436-5860

southwest craft center
300 Augusta Street San Antonio, Texas 78205-1296 (512) 224-1848

PAUL SOLDNER
CYNTHIA BRINGLE
TOSHIKO TAKAEZU
VICTOR BABU
MICHAEL SIMON
JIM ROMBERG
DENNIS SMITH
BENNER BARCLAY
JOYCE JABLONSKI

WORKSHOPS and CLASSES in Ceramics, Photography, Fibers, Jewelry, Papermaking, Drawing and Painting, and Stained Glass.

Call or write for a Brochure.

WASHINGTON
CRAFT SHOW
SMITHSONIAN

3rd Annual

Invites
Exhibitor Applications
From across the United States

This is a juried exhibition and sale presenting fine crafts in: Ceramics, Fiber, Glass, Jewelry, Leather, Metal, Paper, Textiles, Wood and Mixed Media.

Show dates:
April 26-28, 1985

For applications write:
Washington Craft Show
A & I 3101
Smithsonian Institution
Washington, D.C. 20560
202 357-4000

Application deadline:
October 10, 1984

Sponsored by:
The Women's Committee of the Smithsonian Associates

CLAY '84-'85

FALL '84
WAYNE BRANUM
DAN DOAK
GAYLE PRUNHUBER

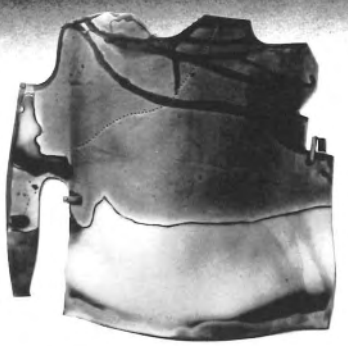
WINTER '85
BILL DALEY
ANNE CURRIER
JANET SEWARD
DAN DOAK
GAYLE PRUNHUBER

SPRING '85
BILL BROUILLARD
RAY FORE
KIRK MANGUS
EVA KWONG

Sun Valley Center
Box 656, Sun Valley, ID 83353
(208)622-3539

SUMMER SHOWCASE

A showcase of contemporary fine art and artists emphasizing craft media.



Porcelain Vessel
10" H. x 9" L. x 3" Dia.
By Karen Korobow

Sculptural blown glass by John Nickerson

Porcelain by Karen Korobow

Photography by Russell Fieber

Prints by Katharine McGuiness

Discover the Cohen GALLERY

665 South Pearl Street, Denver, CO 80209, (303) 778-6427

Wesleyan Potters

Summer Schedule

Sheila Benedis
"Advanced Sculptural Basketry"
September 8 & 9

Elizabeth McDonald
"Emphasis on Color"
September 15 & 16

Harvey Sadow
"Stretching the Limits"
August 20-25

Ferne Jacobs
"Fiber with Ferne Jacobs"
July 28 & 29

Winter preview:
David Shaner in clay.
Other classes and workshops available. Write or call:

Wesleyan Potters
350 S Main St
Middletown, CT
06457
203 347 5925

LILL STREET GALLERY

MIDWEST/SOUTHWEST EXCHANGE
Returning from the Museum of Fine Arts of New Mexico, Santa Fe
July 13–August 17
Works by 12 Illinois artists
Alter, Anderson, Duckworth, Dugdale, Gomf, Hileman, Johnson, Katz, Miller, Pilcher, Simons, Stock

CHICAGO VICINITY CLAY 4
October 12–November 21
A regional juried exhibition open to ceramic artists residing within 250 miles of Chicago
Juror: Michael McTwigan, Editor: American Ceramics
Entry Deadline: September 15

Prospectus available August 1 Contact:
Lill Street Gallery
1021 West Lill Chicago IL 60614
312 248-4414

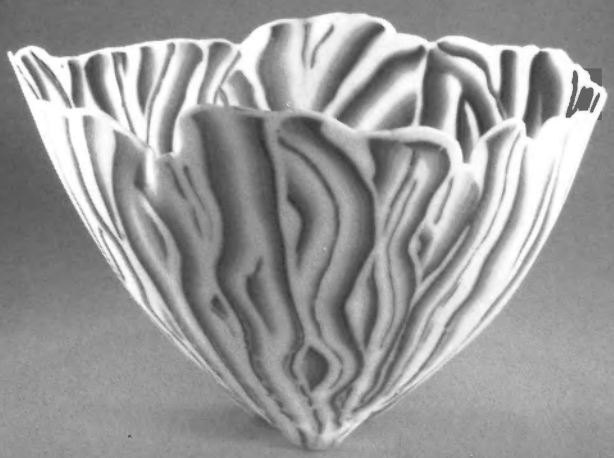
Suzan & Curtis Benzle
August 1–31, 1984

•

Indianapolis Museum of Art
Alliance Museum Gallery

•

1200 West 30th Street
Indianapolis, IN 46208



VIOLA FREY

ASHER/FAURE

612 North Almont Drive, Los Angeles 90069
(2 1 3) 2 7 1 - 3 6 6 5

HELLER GALLERY

HELLER GALLERY
announces the opening
of the season in our
newly expanded Soho
location

71 Greene Street
New York City 10012
(212) 966-5948
Mon-Sat. 11am-6pm
Sun. 12pm-5pm

New Works in Glass

Sept. 8-29
Gary Beecham
William Morris
Michael Taylor

Oct. 5-27
Doug Anderson
Kreg Kallenberger
Paul Seide

Nov. 3-24
Harvey K. Littleton

Dec. 1-22
Kyohei Fujita
Michael Glancy

Jan. 5-26
Glass America 1985

Contemporary Australian Ceramics

Sandra Taylor,
'Cockatoos over Sydney
Harbour' 1979

A travelling exhibition representing the work of thirty-eight artists sponsored by the Crafts Board of the Australia Council

August 25—October 15, 1984
Catalog available $13.50 ppd

Everson Museum of Art
401 Harrison, Community Plaza
Syracuse, New York 13202
(315) 474-6064

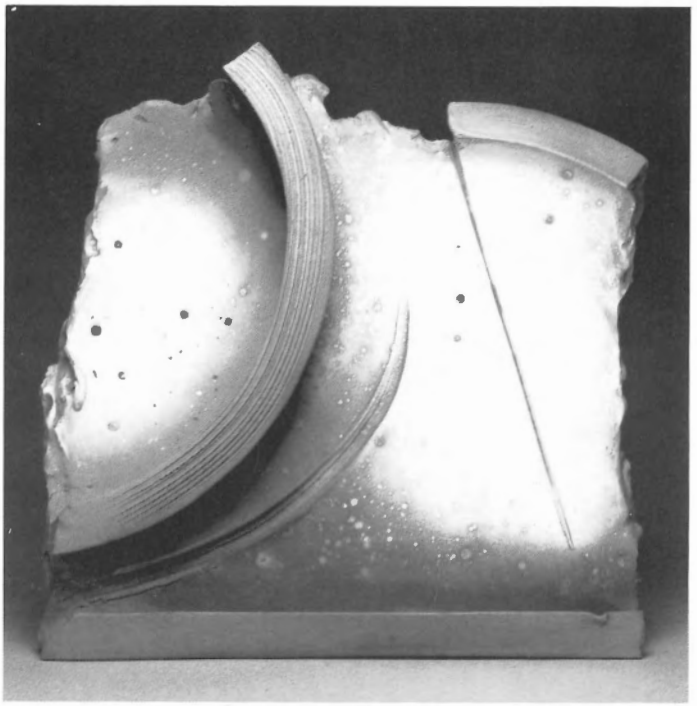
PORCELAIN
NANCY JURS CASTLE
JULY 27–SEPTEMBER 7

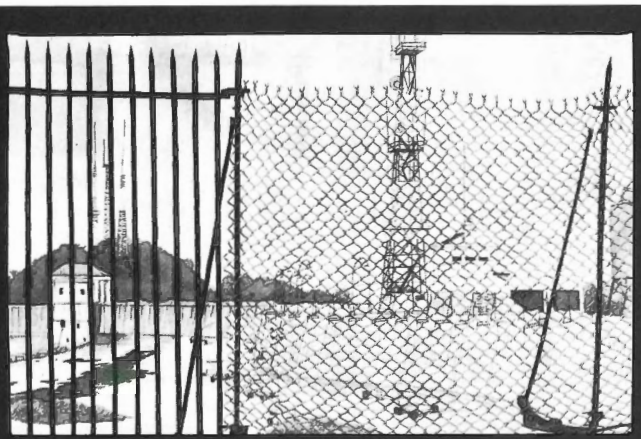
MERRITT/FREDERIC INC.
On The 8th Floor of the Historic Powers Building
16 W. Main Street Rochester, New York 14614
(716) 546-1224 232-3450

TETKOWSKI

Artpark

Artist in Residence
August 14 - September 4
Lewiston, NY





WATERCOLOR
SUZANNE ROTH
JULY 27–SEPTEMBER 7

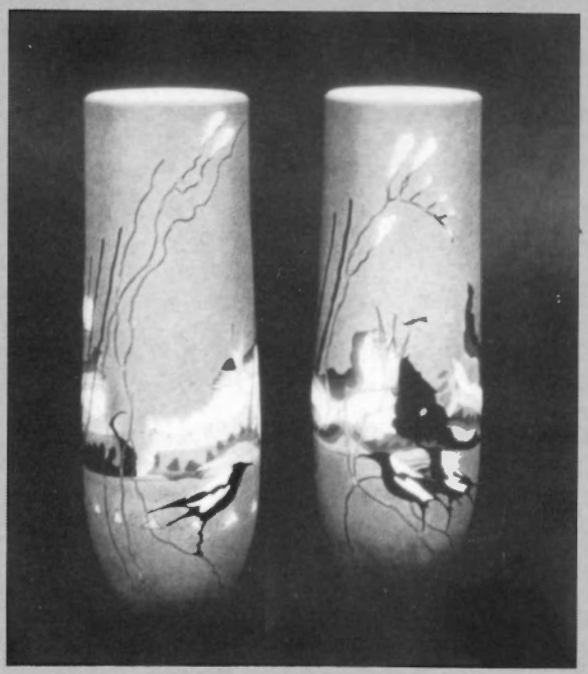
MERRITT/FREDERIC INC.
On The 8th Floor of the Historic Powers Building
16 W. Main Street Rochester, New York 14614
(716) 546-1224 232-3450

BILL ABRIGHT

REPRESENTED BY

BRUCE VELICK
GALLERY

55 GRANT AVE. SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108 (415) 398-3345



Pottery in Australia

a magazine for potters everywhere

shows potters work in all aspects: technical, philosophical, historical and contemporary. With many colour photographs, excellent technical articles and regular reviews of exhibitions, books and potters activities, the magazine has contributors and subscribers from all over the world.

Subscribe to Pottery in Australia
48 Burton Street, Darlinghurst.
2010. Australia.
Subscription for two issues each year is $A11 : $US13.50 : £9 :

ALTOS DE CHAVON THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN

La Romana, Dominican Republic

A two-year program offering an AAS degree

September 1984

Foundation year or second year of specialization in one of the following majors.

clay and fiber
interior design
fashion design
illustration/fine art
advertising design

Applications are being accepted for Fall 1984 semester. Call or write for a catalog.

Potters-in-Residence

Potters with experience in production and fine art pottery are being solicitated for the Artist-in-Residence Program at Altos de Chavon. Artists are given free housing for 4 months and use of the pottery studio. Please send slides and resume to Altos de Chavon, Artist-in-Residence Program.

Affiliated with Parsons School of Design, New York

Altos de Chavon/The School of Design
One Gulf + Western Plaza
New York NY 10023
212/333-4182

Chris Gustin, faculty,
Covered jar, stoneware,
21" x 20" x 21"

Boston University Program in Artisanry

for the education of professional artists-craftsmen
MFA, BFA, Certificate of Mastery, and AFA

Professors:
Richard Hirsch
Chris Gustin

Guest Instructors and Lecturers for 1984-85:
Ted Randall
Clary Illian
Jane Gustin
Michael McTwigan

For further information write or call:
Patricia Doran
Dept AM
Program in Artisanry
Boston University
620 Commonwealth Ave
Boston, MA 02215
617/353-2022

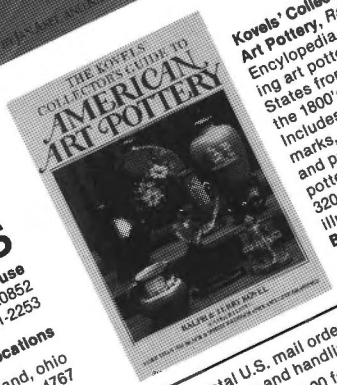
Financial aid available

contemporary sourcebooks

American Crafts: A Source Book For The Home, *Katherine Pearson.* A comprehensive source book of the most beautiful contemporary crafts available from today's leading American Artisans. Illustrated throughout with more than 250 full color photographs representing 300 craftsmen working in clay, wood, fiber, metal, and glass.
B2AMCRT $35.00

Studio Ceramics, *Peter Lane.* A beautifully illustrated book featuring the work of 180 contemporary potters from the United Kingdom, Europe, North America, Australia and New Zealand.
B2STUCR $40.00

Porcelain: Traditions and New Visions, *by Jan Axel and Karen McCready.* Beginning with an essay tracing porcelain's origin and development, the text explores expanding "definitions" through 20th century efforts. Numerous black-and-white and color photographs of objects of artists from throughout the world illustrate various chapters on the nature of porcelain. The concluding chapter is devoted to the role of the collector throughout history and today.
B2PORJA $30.00



Kovels' Collector's Guide to American Art Pottery, *Ralph and Terry Kovel.* Encyclopedia of all the firms making art pottery in the United States from the last quarter of the 1800's to the present. Includes each firm's history, marks, artists' signatures and part played in the art pottery movement. 320 pages, 1000 illustrations.
B2AARTP $10.95

eagle ceramics
12266 wilkins avenue, dept. a, rockville, maryland 20852

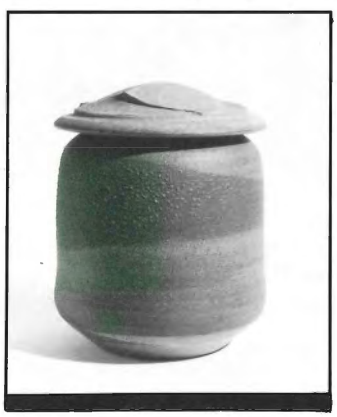
main office and warehouse
(301) 881-2253

additional locations
cleveland, ohio
(216) 241-4767
north carolina
(919) 782-1320
wilmington, delaware
(302) 654-2344

Continental U.S. mail orders under $15.00 include $2.00 postage and handling.
non-U.S. include $5.00 for surface mail uninsured, $5.50 per item surface mail, insured.
free catalog on request.

THE CRAFTMAN'S GALLERY

A changing selection of contemporary American craft art



Karen Karnes
Covered jar,
wood fired
13½ × 11½

WOODFIRING IN AMERICA
July13–August 18

Rob Barnard	Karen Karnes	Jeff Schlanger
RogerBaumann	Bill Kremer	David Shaner
Wayne Branum	George Lowe	Jeff Shapiro
Joy Brown	Randy Johnston	Jack Troy
Paul Chaleff	Jeff Oestreich	Peter von Wilken Zook
Gary Haskins	Todd Piker	Malcolm Wright
Chuck Hindes	Mary Roehm	
Michael Jenson	Katsuyuki Sakazume	

18 miles north of New York City
16 Chase Road Scarsdale New York 10583 914 725 4644

Skidmore Invitational

Multiplicity in Clay, Fiber & Metal
A major craft exhibit of over 60 artists
from across the country.
July 7–September 23, 1984

William Brouillard • Mark Burns • Aurore Chabot • Anne Currier • Bill Daley • Andrea Gill • John Gill • Wayne Higby Michael Lucero • Graham Marks • David Middlebrook • Tom Rippon • Judy Salomon • Rudy Staffel • Toshiko Takaezu Bob Turner • Patti Warashina • Kurt Weiser • Betty Woodman Adela Akers • Neda Al-Hilali • Pat Campbell • Lia Cook Mollie Fletcher • John Garrett • Helena Hernmarck Anne Jackson • Jane Lackey • Joan Livingstone • John McQueen • Nance O'Banion • Mike Olszewski • Arturo Sandoval • Warren Seelig • Leora Stewart • Blair Tate • Rena Thompson • Deborah Warner • Glenda Arentzen • Jamie Bennett • Martha Banyas • Whitney Boin • Edward de Large Bob Ebendorf • Arline Fisch • Gary Griffin • Susan Hamlet William Harper • Mary Lee Hu • Carol Kumata • Stanley Lechtzin • Richard Mawdsley • Bruce Metcalf • Eleanor Moty Louis Mueller • Eugene & Hiroko Pijanowski • Robin Quigley Richard Reinhardt • Ken Rockwell • Anne Besse-Shepherd Helen Shirk • David Tisdale • Fred Woell

Art Center Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

518-584-5000, X 372
Weekdays 10–4 • Weekends 11–4

Regis Brodie, Curator
Catalog available, $15 pp

WORKS IN CLAY

BRUCE LENORE
DONNA POLSENO
BENNETT BEAN
MAREK CECULA
MARK KUZIO

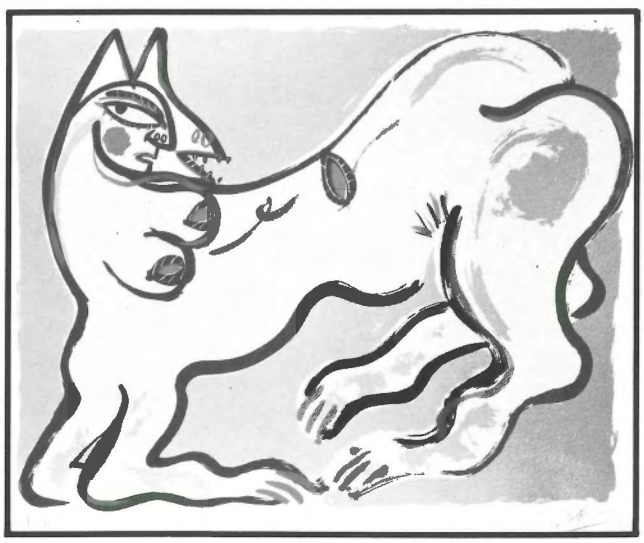
The Works Gallery
Contemporary Art

319 SOUTH ST., PHILA., PA. 19147 (215) 922-7775 RICK & RUTH SNYDERMAN, CO-DIRECTORS

Potters and Prints

A limited edition portfolio of fine art prints including:

Jenny Lind
Kirk Mangus
Jim Romberg
Richard Shaw
Robert Sperry
Akio Takamori



Akio Takamori Screenprint 22" x 27"

Prepublication price available through Oct. 1, 1984.

Produced by:
Sun Valley Center for the Arts and Humanities
P.O. Box 656, Sun Valley, ID 83353, 208-726-9491

This project culminating in an exhibition of print and ceramic work available to travel after January, 1985.

Lucy Lewis,
Lightning Vase,
Earthenware,
black on polished white slip
8½″ × 9″

Women In Clay:
The Ongoing Tradition

Laura Andreson
Christina Bertoni
Ruth Duckworth
Jamie Fine
Vivika Heino
Karen Karnes
Lucy Lewis
Santana Martinez
Sally Bowen Prange
Elsa Rady
Beatrice Wood

Organized by The Octagon Center for the Arts, Ames, Iowa

Tour schedule:

September 2–30, 1984
Waterloo Arts Center, Waterloo, Iowa

November 1–21, 1984
North Dakota Museum of Art, Grand Forks, North Dakota

February 24–March 24, 1985
The Tweed Museum, Duluth, Minnesota

April 21–May 19, 1985
Luther College, Decorah, Iowa

June 16–July 14, 1985
Bergstrum-Mahler Museum, Neenah, Wisconsin

Partially funded by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Affiliated State Arts Agencies of the Upper Midwest: Iowa Arts Council, Minnesota State Arts Board, North Dakota Council on the Arts, South Dakota Arts Council, Wisconsin Arts Board.

Catalog available: 50 pages, 5 color plates, 26 b&w photographs: $13.50 ppd.

Video tape available: "Four Women in Clay," Vivika Heino, Lucy Lewis, Santana Martinez and Beatrice Wood, color, 28 minutes.

Works exhibited are for sale.

For further information, write or call: Martha Benson, Director, The Octagon Center for the Arts, Fifth and Douglas, Ames, IA 50010. (515) 232-5331.

Work by the following artists is available:

Mary Frank
Viola Frey
Dennis Gallagher
Jun Kaneko
Ken Little
John Mason
Ron Nagle
Tom Rippon
Pat Siler
Chris Unterseher
Peter Vandenberge

Quay

254 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California 94108

Work by the following artists is available:

Robert Brady
Karen Beschi
Tony Costanzo
Raymon Elozua
Richard Shaw
Peter Voulkos

Braunstein

254 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California 94108